

New York

# Wednesday Evening Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 310.

## SO NEAR—SO FAR.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

I sung a song when summer days were waning.  
A song of unrequited love complaining,  
And this it was the winds taught me to say:  
“Oh, Florestine! so near to-day—to-morrow so  
far, far away!”

While thus my sorrow I sat voicing,  
Young hearts around seemed all rejoicing;  
Sung into my own, which once was gay:  
“Oh, Florestine! so near to-day—to-morrow so  
far, far away!”

I sung a song when love was near,  
Yet sung so low I could not hear;  
Nor over heard, till parting, I did say:  
“Oh, Florestine! so near to-day—to-morrow so  
far, far away!”

Was then she taught the burden’s meaning,  
And then knew she her heart was weaning;  
For I had loved, and she—all gay:  
“Oh, Florestine! so near to-day—to-morrow so  
far, far away!”

This ye may learn from my refrain,  
That one may love and love in vain,  
And at the end he can but say:  
“Oh, sweetest love! so near to-day—to-morrow so  
far, far away!”

## FERGUS FEARNNAUGHT; OR, Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF “FALSE FACES,” “ROLL, THE  
RECKLESS,” ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

RAGGED TERRY.

FERGUS remained on the curbstone watching the car until it disappeared in the distance.

“He’s a splendid fellow!” he murmured to himself. “His father must be awful rich. It’s a nice thing to have a rich father; but I’ll never have one now. I wonder who I belong to, anyway?”

This was a thought that had occurred to Fergus’ mind very frequently of late. He had not reflected much about it when he first ran away from the almshouse to escape the petty tyranny exercised over him there, but as he grew in years and his struggle with the world became lighter and less exacting, he found himself cogitating over this subject at odd times.

This encounter with Clinton Stuyvesant brought the matter up more vividly to his mind than ever before. The poor, friendless boy, who had been kicked and cuffed and scoffed at by the world ever since he could remember, could but reflect that it would be a better condition in life to have a rich father and a comfortable home.

“Perhaps I’ve got a father somewhere—who knows?” Fergus asked himself, following up this train of reflection. “Or a mother?”

He shook his head doubtfully here.

“Pears to me if a mother had a nice, likely boy, like I am, she wouldn’t go back on him. Pears to me she wouldn’t send him to the poorhouse, where they half starve a fellow, and beat him if he grumbles about it. When I get big enough I’ll go back and whale that overseer!”

Fergus doubled up his fist in a very decided manner as he uttered this boyish threat. But this revengeful feeling speedily passed away, and his thoughts went back to the subject of his parents again.

“I must belong to somebody,” he mused, “as Clint Stuyvesant said—smart chap, Clint; no starched-up frills about him—and I’d like to find out who. Fleda says my father must have been a gentleman, and she’s awful smart at guessing things. What she don’t know ain’t worth knowing. It would be kind of nice now to find a rich father; but not what I can do well enough for myself, but I’d like to be a young gentleman like Clint, and be somebody of consequence when I got to be a man; alderman of the Fourth Ward, or coroner, or deputy sheriff, or something of that sort.”

It must be confessed that Fergus’ aspirations were not of a very high order at this period of his life.

He had begun to move slowly up the Bowery, dodging the hurrying throng as he made these reflections, when he saw a pocket handkerchief lying on the sidewalk before him. He stooped quickly and picked it up.

Looking ahead of him he espied a well-dressed lady, and thinking that she had dropped the handkerchief he ran after her.

Just as he broke into this run a cry of “Stop thief!” was uttered behind him. Fergus, in his anxiety to overtake the lady and restore her property to her did not heed this cry.

The surging crowd swept around him and hid her from his view. As he darted in and out in his efforts to overtake the lady, the cry was repeated and taken up by several voices, “Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!”

Fergus was very naturally mistaken for the thief, and several hands were thrust forth to catch him, but he glided away from them with the suppleness of an eel; he was not long in recognizing the situation.

“By Jinks!” he muttered to himself, “they think I’ve stole the handkerchief, and they are after me. This will never do. Let her whistle for her handkerchief. She’ll think I picked her pocket, just as like as not. Nobody believes poor people can be honest.”

He thrust the handkerchief hurriedly into his pocket, stopped and joined in the hue and cry, bawling as lustily as any of them: “Stop thief! Stop thief!”



“If you says I cheats—come and see me, Cully!” cried the ragged manikin, shrilly.

Then, singling out a stout, stolid-faced Dutchman in the crowd, he shouted:

“There he is—that’s him! Stop him!”

The Dutchman was instantly seized by the over zealous mob, and during the altercation that ensued, Fergus quietly walked away, turned into Bond street, and directed his progress toward Broadway.

“They can jug the Dutchman, if they want to,” he told himself, with a chuckle, “but they can’t catch me—I’m too wide awake for that! I’ll take the handkerchief home and give it to Fleda. What’s the use of a poor cove trying to be honest when everybody takes him for a thief?”

Having come to this conclusion, Fergus paused on the corner of Broadway, and leaning against the lamp-post, gazed at the stream of vehicles which rolled continuously down that busy thoroughfare.

Suddenly a scream burst from the open window of a private carriage, and Fergus, attracted by the sound, saw a woman’s head thrust from the window, and her right arm was held toward him, the hand gesticulating in an agitated manner, and he heard her cry out:

“That is he—the boy—there!”

He could not mistake her action; she meant him, beyond a doubt. He cast one wild, startled glance at her, and muttering: “By Jinks! I’m in for it again!” turned and fled precipitately.

“Oh! stop—stop!” came after him, in an agonized cry, but Fergus only redoubled his speed.

The block between Broadway and the Bowery is but a short one, and before the driver could stop his horses and turn the carriage around into Bond street, the fleet-footed boy had disappeared.

Fergus was too familiar with the turns and windings of New York to be easily overtaken, and he knew that the moment he mingled with the ever moving throng upon the Bowery he was safe; so he dashed along at all speed until he reached the corner, turned into the Bowery, and subsided into a walk.

“Phew!” he puffed, drawing a long breath. “Who put up that job on me, I wonder? That couldn’t have been the woman that lost the handkerchief—she belonged over here, and the other was a Broadway big bug, and a real nobby one, too, riding in her own carriage, with a driver in livery—and such a handsome face. Oh, by Jinks! if the angels are any prettier than she is they must look stunning!

But what did she want with me?”

Fergus pondered over this in a bewildered way. His brain was clear and acute, his hitherto experience with the world had made it so, but this adventure puzzled him exceedingly.

It was utterly impossible that this woman in the carriage could have been the one who had dropped the handkerchief. A lady of her appearance would never have been walking in such a locality, or even admitting that some chance may have taken her there, she could not have been there at the time he had found the handkerchief, for when he saw the carriage it was rolling down Broadway, going south, and he had stood fully ten minutes upon the corner before it came along. Besides, if it was really the woman who had lost the handkerchief, how could she possibly know that he had found it?

This question, which he mentally put to himself, puzzled Fergus’ brain excessively. He could not answer it; he could not understand the action of the lady at all.

He remembered, cogitating in a bewildered manner over the affair, that he had been attracted by the carriage, which was an unusually handsome one, drawn by a span of cream-colored horses, splendid looking animals—and the boy had a keen eye for a good horse, and was critical in its “fine points,” having picked up the knowledge some way—and the harness was resplendent with silver trimmings, and the driver wore a stylish livery, and a cockade on the side of his hat that gave him quite a smart look.

From the horses and the driver Fergus’ eyes had wandered naturally to the occupant of the carriage—a lady richly attired, in the prime of her fair womanhood. Her face attracted him with a kind of magnetism which he could not comprehend. His muttered words as he fled had told us the strange impression that her features made upon his mind; and it was while he was gazing at this face in a dreamy kind of a way, and wondering what made his blood thrill so strangely in his veins at the sight of it, that her eyes fell upon him; then she evinced that singular agitation, starting from her seat, thrusting her head through the open window of the carriage, pointing him out and exclaiming vehemently:

“That is he—the boy—there!”

Sauntering along, with his hands thrust deeply into his trowsers pockets, Fergus pondered over the matter.

“It just beats all!” he told himself. “I never did nothing to her—I know I never did; then what did she want to have me caught for? Guess she must have mistook me for somebody else. Lord, yes—that’s it—what a ninny I was never to have thought of that before!”

Fergus felt quite a relief of mind when he came to this conclusion; it was such a simple solution of the perplexing incident; and having thus settled it to his own satisfaction he straightway dismissed it from his mind.

His reflections upon this subject had so preoccupied his mind that he had reached the corner of Grand and Baxter streets almost unconsciously, but the turnings that led to his present home were so familiar to him that his feet took that direction almost of their own volition.

Clustered on the sidewalk in front of the dingy brick house, where he had found a shelter, and which was let in different apartments, like all the dwellings in the street, so that every house was a hive of humanity, was a group of noisy, ragged boys, engaged in a game of “marbles,” and the noisiest and raggedest of them all was a diminutive youngster, who could not have been over ten years of age, though his face was as sharp and shrewd looking as that of a man of forty. Indeed, he looked like one of those “changing” children that we read of in Irish legends, where the body is that of an infant, but the face is that of a man.

No scarecrow in a farmer’s field ever had more rags fluttering in the breeze than did this youngster. Looking at him you wondered how he ever got them on him, and having got them on, how he contrived to keep them there.

His principal garment was a coat, “a thing of shreds and patches.” The collar reached above his ears, and the skirts reached down to his heels. The dexterity with which he could divest himself of this outer garment, and the facility with which he could assume it again, were feats that confused the mind of the beholder like the tricks of a skilled conjuror.

“There’s Ragged Terry,” commented Fergus, as he beheld the group. “He and his gang are playing marbles on our sidewalk again. Fleda will be after them presently.”

Fergus chuckled to himself, paused, and watched the game. Presently a squabble arose among the boys, no uncommon occurrence even among better dressed boys than they were, and Ragged Terry was accused of cheating. He resented the accusation indignantly, whipped off his ragged coat, shedding it at his feet with surprising quickness, and revealing a ragged waistcoat, and the most dirty and dilapidated shirt-sleeves that the imagination can conceive, and offered to fight his accuser, throwing himself into a boxing attitude in a most ferociously ludicrous manner.

“If you says I cheats—come and see me, Cully!” cried the ragged manikin, shrilly.

But this invitation proved too belligerent for the other boy, though he was twice the size of Terry, and he admitted that he might have been mistaken, though his manner indicated that he did not think so, but that Terry’s appeal to arms had forced him, to use a boyish phrase, “to back down.”

“I thought you’d think better of it,” said the triumphant Terry, and he prepared to resume his game.

Watch him now as he picks it up from the sidewalk. There are as many holes in it as a cullender. How can he possibly get his arms into the sleeves? How can he tell where the arm-holes are among all those gaping rents? Look, he gives it a shake, makes a dive at it with his little head, the skirts describe a kind of somersault over his shoulders, his body writhes for a moment, and the skirts hang dangling at his heels. It is on. Ragged Terry is himself again.

The game is resumed, and more noisily than before; there is a perfect babble of oaths, shouts, and cries. Then a window in the third story is gently opened, and a small, curly black head is cautiously protruded. A pair of bright, black eyes survey the noisy group below, and then a tin kettle, of three quarts’ capacity, is reached forth and turned upside down, and the head and kettle disappear quickly within the window.

Swish-swash! down comes the water in a deluge on the boys. Just at that moment their heads were all together, for Ragged Terry was “knocking down” for a shot and Fleda was “knocking down” for a shot and their chums, for Terry’s propensity is well-known to them, and none escape the external shower-bath.

They hastily gather up their marbles and scamper over to the other sidewalk, where they cluster together, shake the drops from them, wondering where they came from, and swearing like pirates—and pirates and robbers they will undoubtedly grow up to be, and the trial of one of them, for the inevitable crime he must commit, will cost New York more than to take the whole of them, just as they are now, and educate them in some reform school.

“That’s Fleda, and she has ducked them,” cried Fergus.

Ragged Terry was about to take off his coat and defy some one to fight, but he desisted when he saw Fergus.

“Sides, Cullies!” he said. “There’s a bully Fergie, the Fearnnaught.”

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Besides this girl had brightened up the place to his view wonderfully. She was as merry as a cricket, and as mercurial in her actions as a butterfly. It was she that had taken Fergus in, pleased at the sight of his fearless, handsome face, and persuaded her mother to give him accommodation.

She made a brother of him right away, and she assumed the position and mentorship of an elder sister despite the fact that she was five years younger than he.

And she was small for her age, for though she was twelve she was not much larger than most girls are at eight. She was decidedly of the elfin kind, more than the mortal. A girlish sprite, with a strong effusion of quicksilver in her blood.

Though small, her frame was plump and well-proportioned, and her movements evinced a kind of airy, fairy grace and quickness more easily appreciated when seen than to be described. Her complexion was quite dark, but clear in its olive hue, with a ruddy blush on either round cheek which gave them a resemblance to plump red apples; she had a small mouth, garnished with little sharp white teeth that glistened like pearls in a ruby setting, whenever she laughed, and, as she was very much in the habit of doing so, these teeth formed a very conspicuous feature of her face.

Her eyes were small, as black as jet, with a diamond spark in the pupils, and her hair was also black, and curled in clustering ringlets over her bullet-shaped head.

It is not to be wondered at that Fergus had taken a great liking to this lightsome creature. The boy’s experience of the world had been a bitter one. In the dark hour of his sorely-troubled life he had found his first friend in her.

Finding her in Mulberry street annoyed by three rude boys, he had, with the natural chivalry of his nature, constituted himself her champion. His interference was regarded with derision by the young rowdies, but when one was tripped up and sent sprawling, and another got a black eye, and the third a bloody nose, like Tom, the piper’s son, they “went howling down the street,” fully convinced that they had caught a Tartar.

In this way Fergus made the acquaintance of Fleda. He walked home with her—it was a home, despite its poverty, as Fergus found to his satisfaction. She questioned him concerning himself with more than her usual curiosity, and that trait was strongly developed in Fleda Nandrus’ composition.

CHAPTER V.  
A SPRIGHTLY GIRL.

“Be off!” exclaimed Fergus. “You have

She found him very non-communicative at first, however—shy and suspicious even of her. He told her his name was Fergus. “Fergus what?” she questioned. He did not know; up country, where he came from, he had been called Fergus, but nothing else. Fleda considered this very strange, and so did Fergus then, though he had given it very little thought before.

“You ought to have another name,” she told him. “Everybody has two names.”

“I suppose so,” answered Fergus, indifferently.

“If you don’t know what your right name is, why don’t you call yourself something else?” she suggested.

“Would you?”

“I would,” she replied, decidedly.

Even in this first meeting she exerted an influence over his mind. The interest she took in him was a pleasant novelty to the friendless waif; no wonder he paid heed to any suggestion coming from her lips.

“I don’t know what name to take,” he said, after some deliberation.

“Don’t you?”

“No; do you?”

Thus appealed to, Fleda set her wits at work, and they were very sharp ones, as will be demonstrated as we go on in the narration of the story before us.

“I’d have a nice name while I was about it,” she said. “My first name is nice, but my last name is just awful.”

“Is it? What is your name?”

“Fleda Nandrus.”

“Fleda? That’s a funny name. Why did they call you Fleda?”

“Because I was as lively as a flea when I was a little thing, I suppose,” answered Fleda, with gravity; “leastways, mother says so.”

“I think it’s a good name.”

“So do I; and the last name don’t matter much, because I can change that one of these days, you know.”

“Change it?” inquired Fergus, in some surprise.

“Of course,” replied Fleda, complacently.

“How so?”

“When I get married,” answered Fleda, demurely.

“Oh!” ejaculated Fergus. “I never thought of that.”

“But you must select a good name, because you can’t change it,” she continued. “Let me see, what shall it be?” she added, reflectively.

“I’ll take any name you’ve a mind to pick out,” said Fergus, rather pleased to be spared the trouble of choosing for himself.

“You’re a awful brave!” cried Fleda, “and you ought to have some name that would tell people so—something that would sound nice.”

“They called me a young ‘dare devil’ at the almshouse. How would that do?”

Fleda gave a little scream of dismay.

“Dare devil! Good Lord, no!” she cried.

“That would never do. You are not afraid of anything, are you?”

Fergus gave his head a proud toss that floated his flaxen hair, something after the fashion of a lion throwing back his mane.

“Not much!” he answered. “I don’t scare worth a cent. I stopped a runaway horse the other day, and the gentleman that owned him gave me a dollar, and told me I was a ‘fearnaught,’ whatever that is.”

Fleda clapped her hands delightedly together.

“That’s it!” she exclaimed.

“What’s it?” inquired Fergus, in bewilderment.

“The name!”

“Eh?”

“Fergus Fearnaught!”

“Who’s he?”

“You. Oh, isn’t it just splendid?”

And so she gave him his name—a name that he was destined to bear through long years of varied adventures and experiences such as fall to the lot of few mortals.

It is well that the “Book of Fate”—as it is called—can never be perused by human eyes, charlatans and fortune-tellers to the contrary, for few men would have the fortitude, knowing the inevitable suffering and sorrow they must undergo before they reach that haven of rest, the grave, to go on with life.

“You don’t think Ragged Terry has a mother?” asked Fergus, following up their theme of conversation as he and Fleda entered the room.

“I never heard of his having any,” she replied.

“He’s a good deal like me, then.”

Fleda tossed back her tangled curls and sniffed the air contemptuously with her small but well-shaped nose.

“Like you?” she cried. “Not a bit of it! Why you’re a king to him! He’s nothing but a snip!”

“He’s a cute little cuss, though,” returned Fergus. “You ought to see him begging in the Bowery, as I have. I tell you what, he’s smart at it. That ragged coat of his just brings the pennies fast.”

“I have no doubt of it; but what good do they do? Why don’t he save ‘em, and buy himself a new coat?”

“He wouldn’t get so many pennies in a new coat,” answered Fergus, shrewdly. “He looks so ragged that people take pity on him. He’s up to the dodge.”

“He’s up to all sorts of mischief, I know, but I’ll stop his coming here, and howling in front of my windows, if I have to duck him every day in the week.”

“That was a cute dodge of yours, Fleda,” returned Fergus, laughing over the recollection of it. “They couldn’t tell where the water came from.”

“I’ll warn it for ‘em, and give it to ‘em hot the next time!” cried Fleda.

Her animosity against the boys appeared to be very strong.

“Oh! I wouldn’t do that,” remonstrated Fergus. “I wouldn’t scold the poor cusses.”

“I’m sure they deserve it!”

“Pr’aps they do; but that would make ‘em mad, and they’d throw stones and break all your windows.”

Fleda felt the force of this remark; such a retaliation would be unpleasant.

“Pr’aps they might,” she admitted. “But they are a dreadful nuisance. Oh! I do wish that we could move away from this neighborhood! There’s nothing but beggars and thieves around here.”

“But there’s none in this house!” cried Fergus, quickly.

Fleda’s black eyebrows were arched in a very expressive manner.

“Oh! isn’t there?” she rejoined. “Don’t you be too sure of that! What’s that tall man, who lives on the upper floor, who’s out all night, and home all day—John Jackson they say his name is, but who knows whether it is or not? Who knows anything about him, or what he does, anyway?”

“Why, you don’t mean to say that he is—”

Fleda clapped her hand quickly over Fergus’ mouth.

“Hush!” she cried, warmly. “He might be going through the hall and overhear us talk-

ing about him, and come in here to-night, when we are asleep, and wring both our necks for us.”

“I would like to see him try it!” exclaimed Fergus, defiantly.

“Would you? Well, I wouldn’t! You’re brave enough, I know, but he’s a big man, and you’re only a boy. I got a glimpse at his face one evening as he was going out, and he looked as savage as a meat-ax. You’d better keep out of his way, I tell you. Why, he’d think no more of twisting your head off than if you were a poor, innocent chicken.”

“He’ll find me a tough chicken, if he troubles me!” cried Fergus, stoutly. “I ain’t afraid of any man’s black looks. But, never mind him; he won’t trouble us if we don’t trouble him. Where’s your mother?”

“This is one of her days out, and she hasn’t got home yet. You didn’t come home for any dinner. Where have you been all day?”

“Down by Cortlandt ferry.”

“Did you get any jobs?” inquired Fleda, with interest.

“Yes, two.”

“How much did you earn?”

“Fifty cents.”

“Oh, my! but you have been lucky to-day!” she exclaimed, delightedly.

“I just have. I carried a valise for a gentleman up to French’s Hotel, and he gave me a sandwich he got coming on the train and didn’t eat, and that made my dinner; and when I got to the hotel there was a gent just ready to go to the ferry, and he had a carpet-bag he wanted carried, and so I cut it both ways—got a quarter from each. So I let the boys black my boots, just to show how flush I was.”

“Lord, what extravagance! Your pride will be the ruin of you yet, Fergus.”

She shook the forefinger of her right hand at him, reprovingly.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### FLEDA’S BRIGHT IDEA.

FERGUS laughed at Fleda’s reproof.

“Guess not,” he returned, lightly. “I like to spread myself a little when I get a chance. What’s the use of being a fellow unless you are some of a fellow? Ah, wouldn’t I like to be as well off as Clint Stuyvesant! He’s the boy that can put on the frills, and starch ‘em up to the nines, too!”

Fleda opened her bright black eyes widely at this eulogistic speech.

“Clint Stuyvesant!” she cried. “Why, who’s he? I never heard you speak of him before.”

Fergus laughed again. The perplexed look on the little maiden’s face pleased him highly.

“Guess not, for I never saw him until to-day,” he answered. “It was a regular muss he and I had with one of those maccaroni chaps—padrones they call ‘em—that send the little Etyalian boys out to fiddle in the streets.”

“Why, how was that?”

This question led Fergus to explain how he had made the acquaintance of that scion of the Knickerbockers who bore the sounding and time-honored names of Clinton De Witt Stuyvesant.

Fleda shook her young head gravely as she listened to Fergus’ account of his adventure. It did not appear so funny to her as it did to him.

“You’ll get killed yet, Fergus, see if you don’t!” she exclaimed.

“Not a bit of it. What’s the use of living if you don’t have some sport?” he returned.

Then he broke into a song, which was popular among the boys, singing a snatch of it with surprising sweetness and melody:

“So let the wide world wag as it will,

I’ll be gay and happy still;

Gay and happy—gay and happy—

I’ll be gay and happy still!”

Fleda found this gayety infectious, and joined in the chorus with a will. Then they indulged in a little dance together, until Fleda got tired and sunk breathlessly into the old rocking-chair.

“Oh! what a boy you are, Fergus!” she cried, as soon as she got breath enough back to him.

“And what a girl you are!” he returned.

“Then there’s a pair of us!”

“And we ought to make something out of this ‘wide world,’ as the song says.”

“We will,” she answered, springing to her feet with animation. “I have been thinking of it for some time.”

“You have?” questioned Fergus, with interest.

“What is it?”

“I’ll tell you. I don’t want to have to earn my living the way mother does—it’s awful hard to do washing—you know how tired she is when she comes home after a day’s washing?”

“Yes; and I’ve often wished I could help her in some way; but a young fellow like me can’t do much, you know.”

“I think we could do something—you and I together, Fergus.”

“What?”

“How much money have you got left?”

“Forty cents. Here it is.” He thrust his hand into his pocket. “Oh, by jinks! I had forgot all about that. See here, Fleda, I’ve got a present for you.”

He drew forth the handkerchief and exhibited it to her as he spoke.

She looked at it in a very suspicious manner.

“Oh, my! what a nice handkerchief!” she exclaimed. “But, oh, Fergus, I hope you didn’t steal it!”

Fergus’ face became crimson at the question.

“Steal it!” he cried. “Did you ever know me to steal anything yet?”

“No, I never did; and I hope you never will!”

“Guess not. I found it.”

Fleda breathed a sigh of relief.

“Found it!” she said.

“Yes, in the Bowery; I thought I saw the lady who dropped it, and when I ran after her, to give it to her, somebody behind me sung out ‘Stop thief,’ and I had to cut my lucky. I knew they’d take me for a thief, anyhow, if they caught me, and so I dusted out of the crowd, lively. They don’t give a poor chap a show if anything bad is brought against him.”

“But couldn’t you find the lady, afterward?”

“No; they kicked up such a rumpus around me that I lost sight of her. And I felt a little mad, too, to think they should take me for a thief, when I’ve always tried to be honest; and when I’ve been half-starved, many and many a time, I’ve found it pretty hard to keep my hands off other people’s property, I can tell you.”

“Yes, I know; it’s awful trying. But I wish you had found the lady.”

“So I would if they had let me alone. But I wasn’t going to be took up for a thief when I knew I wasn’t one.”

“Of course not,” said Fleda, sympathetically.

“Besides, finding’s having, you know.”

“Well, yes, I suppose it is,” Fleda admitted, slowly, as if some little doubt upon the subject lingered in her mind.

“You’ll take the handkerchief?”

“I suppose I may as well,” answered Fleda, receiving the gift, and examining it critically.

“Well, it isn’t such a great affair, after all,” she continued, and her nose gave that peculiar cant upward that was so expressive with her.

“You could buy any quantity of them for twenty cents apiece. I’ve seen them marked for that hanging out in the Bowery and Grand street.”

“Then it couldn’t have belonged to her,” cried Fergus, quickly.

“Not that lady—but another one.”

they are not themselves at all, but somebody else."

"May I ask the name of the gentleman whom I have the honor to resemble? I hardly think, Miss Lawless, we will turn out to be relatives, as I have not one in the wide world," said Captain Reginald, with something like a cloud settling on his dark face.

"My name is Raymond Germaine," said Ray, coldly.

"Germaine!" exclaimed the smuggler, starting suddenly and paling slightly, "did you say Germaine?"

"Yes, sir; what is there extraordinary in that?" asked Ray, who a moment still encircled Pet.

Captain Reginald did not reply, but paced abruptly up and down the floor for a few moments. All were gazing at him in surprise; but there was fierce suspicion in the dusky depths of Marguerite's black eyes.

He came back at last, and resuming his former posture, said, but no longer in his cold, sarcastic tone:

"I once knew a person of that name, and its utterance recalled strange memories. It is not a very common name here—may I ask if you belong to this place?"

"No; I am English by birth, but I have lived here since a child."

"English?"

He started wildly again, and this time looked at the young man in a sort of terror.

"Yes—or rather, no; for though born in England, I am not English. I come of another race."

The fixed glance of the smuggler's eyes grew each moment more intense, his dark face paled and paled, until, contrasting with his jet-black hair and beard, it looked ghastly. His breath came quick and short as he almost gasped:

"And that race is—"

"The gipsy! Yes, I am of the degraded gipsy race," exclaimed Ray, with a sort of pride, as though he dared and defied the world to despise him for that.

The smuggler-captain reeled as though some one had struck him a blow, and grasping Ray by the arm, he exclaimed, in a low, husky whisper:

"Tell me who brought you here. You were a child, you say, when you left England—who had charge of you?"

"My grandmother—a gipsy! What in the name of heaven, sir, is all this to you?" exclaimed Ray, like the rest completely astounded by this strange emotion.

"Her name!" said the outlaw, hoarsely, unheeding his question and the wonder of the rest.

"Among her tribe she was known as the gipsy-queen, Keturah."

"Just God!" exclaimed the smuggler-chief, as his grasp relaxed and with a face perfectly colorless, he stood like one suddenly turned to stone.

"Sir, what under heaven is the meaning of this?" said the bewildered Ray, while the rest looked on almost speechless with astonishment.

There was no reply. The outlaw had leaned his arm on a sort of mantel, and, with his head dropped upon it, stood like one stunned by some mighty blow. All were white and mute with wonder.

He lifted his head at last, and they started to behold his dreadful ghastliness. His eyes for some moments were fixed in a long, inexplicable gaze on the surprised face of Ray, then, in the same, low, hoarse tone, he asked:

"And she, your grandmother—does she still live?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In Old Barrens Cottage; but she is a helpless paralytic."

"So near, so near! and I never knew it. Great Heaven! how wonderful is thy dispensations!" he groaned.

"Is it possible you knew her?" asked the bewildered Ray.

"Yes, I knew her," he replied, slowly.

"Tell me, did she ever speak to you of your father?"

Ray's brow darkened, and his eyes filled with a dusky fire.

"She did—often. My father was drowned! He was branded, tried, convicted, and condemned for the guilt of another. His day of retribution is to come yet! Enough of this—I cannot understand what possible interest all this can have for you."

"You will soon learn. Come with me; Miss Lawless, remain with my wife until my return. This way, young man," said the outlaw, turning to the inner apartment and motioning the other to precede him.

The astonished Ray did so, and the curtain fell between the wonder-struck assembly outside and the twain within.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### THE OUTLAW'S STORY.

"They did not know how hate can burn. In hearts once changed from soft to stern, Nor all the false and fatal zeal."

The convert of revenge can feel."—BYRON.

"Be seated," said the outlaw, with a wave of his hand.

Silent and wondering, Ray obeyed.

His strange companion walked across the room, and for some moments stood with knit brows and downcast eyes, like one absorbed in painful thought. Then he began pacing up and down, while Ray watched him, inwardly wondering whether this half-smuggler, half-pirate captain was quite right in his mind.

He stopped, at last, in his quick, excited walk as rapidly as he had commenced, and facing round to where Ray sat, demanded:

"Why did my—this gipsy, Keturah, leave England?"

"I do not know—she never told me," replied Ray.

"Old Earl De Courcy died shortly after I, her son, left England—perhaps she was instrumental in his death and was obliged to fly."

"Or that I know nothing," said Ray, impatiently. "What has all this to do with the revolutions you are to make?"

"Not much, perhaps; but I wish my question answered. You say she resides in Old Barrens cottage?"

"Yes."

"You live there too, with her, of course?"

"Yes."

"If she is, as you say, a helpless paralytic, how has she contrived to support and educate you—for I perceive you are educated?"

"It was not she who did it. I am indebted for my education to the kindness of an old gentleman who resides near us," said Ray, flushing and biting his lip till it was bloodless.

"Who attends to her now, in her helpless state?"

"Erminie and her servant."

"Erminie who? Oh, I remember; Miss Lawless spoke of some Erminie Germaine, who was to have been brought here instead of her. Who is this Erminie?"

"I cannot tell. My grandmother brought us from England together—she was a mere infant, then."

"Perhaps she is your sister?"

"No; her very looks forbid such a supposition. That there is no gipsy blood in her veins, I am confident."

"And gipsy Keturah brought her from England? Strange—strange! Who can she be?" said the outlaw, musingly. "She has often spoken to you of the De Courcy family, no doubt?"

"Yes, often."

"Did she tell you Lord Ernest Villiers married Lady Maude Percy?"

"She did."

"Do you know if they had any children?"

"I do not know."

"She never told you?"

"Never," said Ray, wondering where this "Catechism of Perseverance" was to end.

"Strange, strange—very strange!" said the outlaw, pacing up and down, with brows knit in deep thought. "And so you are determined to avenge the wrongs of your father, young man?" he said, after a pause, stopping before him.

"Yes, Heaven helping me, I will!" exclaimed Ray, fiercely.

"Heaven?" said the outlaw, with his old sneer. "It is the first time I ever heard Heaven aided revenge; Satan helping you, you mean. And how is this revenge to be accomplished?"

"Time will tell," said Ray, impatiently.

"It cannot concern you in any way, Captain Reginald; and on this subject you need ask me no more questions, for I will not answer them."

"As you please," said he, with a strange smile. "You have inherited the fiery, passionate spirit of your race, I see. Your father is, you say, drowned?"

"Yes—yes! To what end are all these questions?"

"Patience, Mr. Germaine; I will come to that presently. Did your grandmother ever speak to you of your mother?"

"Very little," said Ray, in a softer tone.

"She told me she never saw her, but that she was a lady of rank. That, however, I am inclined to doubt."

"And why?"

"Because my father was a gipsy. No lady of rank, knowing it, would have anything to do with one of his class. Proud England's proud daughters would not mate with despised gipsies."

A streak of fiery red darted for a moment across the dark face of Captain Reginald, and then passed away, leaving it whiter than before.

"Love levels all distinctions, young sir," he said, haughtily. "If she loved him would not that be sufficient to break through all the cobweb barriers of rank? Have not all social ties been proven, thousands of times, to be more flimsy than paper walls before the irresistible whirlwind of human love and passion?"

Ray thought of Pet, and his dark cheek flushed slightly. What a convenient belief this would be, dared he adopt it? He loved her, and thrilling through his heart came the conviction that she loved him. Would she, too, break down these "paper walls" for his sake? Would she give up all the world for him, as thousands had done before, according to this strange man's story?

"Your mother was a lady of rank—is a lady of rank, for she still lives!" were the next words, spoken rapidly and excitedly, that aroused him from his dangerous reverie.

"My mother lives!" exclaimed Ray, springing into his feet.

"Yes."

"Great Heaven! Where?"

"In England, most probably."

"My mother lives? Can it be possible? Who is she? What is her name?" demanded Ray, like one beside himself.

"Lady Maude Villiers, Countess De Courcy!" exclaimed the outlaw, while his dark, fierce eyes blazed.

Ray stood for an instant paralyzed; then an expression of anger and utter incredulity flushed his face and flashed from his eyes.

"My mother the Countess De Courcy!" he said, scornfully. "Do you take me for a fool, Captain Reginald?"

"Young man, before high Heaven I swear I speak the truth!" said the outlaw, solemnly.

"Did not Keturah tell you the manner in which your father's marriage was brought about?"

"That he inveigled my mother into it by some unlawful means? Yes; she told me that. But, good heavens! the idea of it being Lady Maude Percy! Oh, it is absurd, ridiculous, incredible, impossible!" exclaimed Ray, vehemently.

"Did you ever take part in these horrible scenes?" asked Ray, with a slight shudder.

"Did your father ever take part in these horrible scenes?" asked Ray, with a slight shudder.

"It is the truth!" Reginald Germaine, looking in the face, and see if I am not speaking the truth."

"Yes; no one could look in those dark, solemn eyes and doubt his words.

Stunned, giddy, bewildered, Ray dropped into his seat, feeling as if the room was whirling round him.

"And you—who, in Heaven's name, are you, that know all this?" he passionately asked.

"That I will tell you presently. Suffice it to say that I do know that I am speaking God's truth."

"Angels in heaven! the Countess De Courcy my mother? From whom did you learn this?"

"From your father."

"My father is dead."

"Your father is not."

"What?"

"Your father is not dead!"

"Sir, you are either mad or mocking me!" exclaimed Ray, springing fiercely to his feet.

"Young man, I am neither."

"My father was drowned on his way to Van Diemen's Land."

"Your father was not."

"Great heavens, am I sane or mad?" exclaimed Ray, in a loud, thrilling tone.

"Man, demon devil! whoever you are, was not the transport wrecked on her way from England?"

"She was."

"And all on board lost?"

"No."

"No; I repeat it. All were lost but two—your father was one of these."

"Heaven of heavens! And where is my father now?"

"That, too, you will learn anon. If you please, we will take things in the order of their occurring. Listen, now. Sit down and be calm; getting excited will do no good, and only retard matters. The transport struck a sunken reef and was wrecked one stormy night. Your father and one sailor clung to a spar until daylight. By that time all the rest had disappeared—were engulfed in the ocean and perished. Captain, sailors, convicts and all were equal, at last, in the boundless sea. Before noon the next day your father and the sailor were seen and picked up by a passing vessel."

"Were you that sailor?"

"Patience, my dear sir," said Captain Reginald, with a slight smile; "who I was does not matter just now. The ship was a merchantman, bound to a far-distant port. They took us with them, and over a year elapsed before our sails filled for 'Merrie England' again. We were in the South Seas—then, as now, infested with pirates; and we never reached our island-home. For one day we were chased, overtaken, attacked and defeated by a pirate, and more than half our number found graves in the wide ocean, where many a brave heart had grown cold before, and will while the great sea-rolls."

"We?" broke in Ray at this point, fixing his eyes piercingly on the other's face—"we? Then you were the sailor saved with my father?"

A gain that fleeting, quickly-fading, inexplicable smile flickered for an instant round the lips of the outlaw, as he said:

"Hasty and impatient yet. You must learn that great Christian virtue, patience, Mr. Germaine; one cannot well get through the world without it. Whether I was the sailor in question, or not, does not matter; suffice it to say, I was on board the ship when she was mastered by the pirates. They were short of hands, and the captain very graciously offered their lives to those that remained, on condition of their taking an oath of allegiance to him, and becoming rovers and free lords of the high seas. One or two honest souls preferred the red maws of hungry sharks who went swimming round the ships, casting longing eyes up at us, asking, as plainly as looks could speak, for another mouthful of an old salt. They were gratified, too; for three of good, brave, warm-hearted fellows as ever climbed the rigging walked the plank that hour, and found their graves in the capacious stomachs of the ravenous devils of sharks. Poor fellows! if there is such a place as heaven they went there straight; for heaven is as easily reached by water as land. I suppose it doesn't matter whether people are conveyed to it in canvas shrouds or inside of sharks."

"Very true," said Ray; "and you joined the pirates to aid my father?"

"Yes, we joined them; I was reckless and so was he; we did not care a flip whether we cruised under the black flag or the red cross of St. George. Life was not of much value to him for its own sake, but he had to live for sundry notions—revenge, I fancy, being the strongest. Then he had a child living—Master Raymond; and though considerate of a devil himself, he had some human feeling left, and the only white spot in his soul was his love for you, for his mother, and for Lady Maude Percy. For he loved her then, loves still, and will while life remains for him."

"And yet she scorned him," said Ray, with a shiver.

"Yes, she scorned him," said the outlaw.

"Because my father was a gipsy. No lady of rank, knowing it, would have anything to do with one of his class. Proud England's proud daughters would not mate with despised gipsies."

# THE Saturday Journal

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## Sunshine Papers.

### St. Valentine's Day.

Coming events cast their shadows before. For several weeks the shop windows have heralded the approach of St. Valentine's day.

Poor St. Valentine! There was a time when St. Nick himself was not held in higher repute. But the pretty old customs, and quaint conceits that once made the celebration of the Fourteenth of February a veritable festival, are fast dying out. An age of glaring colors, coarse caricatures, and penny prints, has well nigh shorn St. Valentine of all glory. And, too, the world is growing so wondrous wise that only elegant elaborations and conventional deceit can please its sons and daughters; and amusements in which their ancestors took pleasure they regard with contempt.

But let us honor St. Valentine as long as we may. The day of that patron saint was a beautiful one in the memory of many whom we have known and loved. Our mothers and grandmothers looked forward to its coming with more golden hopes and fluttering hearts than many of the worldly-wise damsels of to-day look forward to their wedding morn. The only advantage in favor of the latter-mentioned maidens being that they are generally practical enough to assure to themselves golden realizations and mechanical hearts. Indeed, St. Valentine's day was one from which many a dame of yore dated her future felicity; the halcyon time when a long-loving but bashful swain invoked the blessing of Cupid, and, in the center of some marvelous production of knife and scissors, indited in immortal verse:

"Fourteenth of February fine,  
I choose you for my valentine!  
I choose you out of all the rest,  
The reason is, I love you best!"

Or, "Oh! sweetest maid, my heart is thine!  
I pray you, be my valentine!"

This day with us, is yearly less and less of a festival. We should scarcely remember it at all, save for the persistency of calendar makers, or the sight of some hideous daube of advertisements, or a chance glimpse of the postman, handing an ornamental envelope to cool in at the basement window. Yet its celebration dates back sixteen hundred years, and its origin to the Eternal City. Amid the seven hills of ancient Rome, during the month of February of each year, a certain feast was held—the feast of Lupercalia.

Then it was that the Roman youths were wont to choose the maidens whom they should lead to the hymeneal altar. Their manner of doing this was entirely without the due consideration given in these latter times to sentiment and stamps. Still, the Roman method had the merit of making expeditious, judicial, and unalterable, affairs that ordinarily are attended by no end of misunderstandings, mistakes and changes. How much heart-burning it must have saved otherwise rival damsels aspiring for the hand of the same Adonis! And maneuvering mammas, bent on getting the "best catch" for their daughters, what a load of care they escaped! And as Venus, the goddess of love, and her little boy-god Cupid, were believed to overrule and arrange the entire ceremony, what doubt could there be of its perfectness? The names of a number of young girls were placed in a box. A corresponding number of young men approached this matrimonial lottery, which held a prize for each, and drew the names. And each drawer accepted his prize as the one decreed by the gods to become his partner for life.

The fact that this was a heathenish custom was a cause of great uneasiness to the early Christians, for they deemed it nevertheless a wise one. And no wonder! Think of the spoiling portion obliterated by the Roman feast and its apportionment to each maiden of that mate which we are told exists, somewhere, for every feminine soul! Though, goodness knows, some of them have had enough work to find it! But the Christians did not deem it wise that this Courtship-waving Bureau should remain an institution of wicked old heathens. Accordingly, they Christianized it by a rechristening. The Feast of Lupercalia became the Feast of St. Valentine, and ever since the patronage of that saint has been solely devoted to lovers; and the day in the almanac so marked, is supposed to be the most favorable day in the year for matrimonial audacies and arrangements. Nor was this custom of choosing a bride upon St. Valentine's day confined to Rome. It prevailed, with various modifications and ceremonies, in many other countries.

It is said that the Fourteenth of February is the day when the birds choose their mates. Of course this can hardly be a fact worthy of credence in northern lands. But it is quite probable that in the south the birds really do choose their mates about the season of the year named for St. Valentine. And those being the very countries—in the south of Europe—where the birds were observed with religious zeal, as conveying omens of good or evil, it is reasonable to suppose that the ancient Valentine day customs were founded upon the habit of birds.

The observances that mark St. Valentine's day have changed greatly with the last roll of centuries. Yet, Cupid is still St. Valentine's little page. Bless the boy! One would think that his stock of arrows and darts should have grown beautifully less through all these years. That such seems not to be the case may be accounted for by the fact that for nine months out of every year, in the largest cities of different countries, hundreds of girls and women earn their daily bread by manufacturing not only darts and arrows, but all their accompanying gilt and filagree work. The making of valentines is a large, lucrative and dainty business, as carried on in the manufactories where the average styles are fashioned. Besides these, there are the costly valentines made simply as cases for elegant gifts; and,

again, those coarse sheets where splashes of color, and exaggerated malice or ridicule supply the place of dainty conceits and sentimental poetry. The public would be really surprised were they to learn the names of many artists and writers of well-known ability who have, at some time in their life, glad to turn an honest penny in any way, assisted in drawing designs and composing rhymes for these paper elaborations.

Years ago, in England, on the morning of St. Valentine's day, the lassies were filled with excitement; for the first young man they should look upon, without their homes, was their valentine. Those were the times when deft fingers sketched with pencil, and embossed with needle-pricks, pretty designs on paper, or made sheets of lace-work by skillful manipulation of the scissors, and gallant lovers filled in these kindly home manufactures, with simple but honest declarations of love. A marvel of skill in this line, that has become a family heirloom, was shown us recently by some friends from Germany. And among that social people the sending of love-tokens, in the shape of valentines, is not confined simply to one day; they are sent in congratulation at the New Year, and upon birthdays. In our own country the sending of valentines—often home-wrought ones—as confessions of affection from young men to maidens, or as tokens of friendships between acquaintances, was very popular half a century ago. Very generally the valentine was accompanied by a gift—a silk dress pattern, embroidered handkerchief, an article of jewelry, etc. These presents, like philopena presents, it was considered quite correct to accept. In some countries, even yet, Valentine's day and a valentine is made a medium of conveying elegant trifles to friends.

Good, kind St. Valentine, and dear little Cupid, in these fast times, in this fast country, you are being very much forgotten, and shut out of the parlors, and forced to fulfill your tender mission among the children and the kitchen-maids. But let us hope for a revival in your favor! May friends and lovers again remember that you wait to bless all friendly communications and tender messages sent under your patronage.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### FRETTERS.

WHAT a world of fretters we are! Our foolishness is only equaled by our inconsistency because we so often fret about what we cannot help, and grumble over trifles that are of no serious moment whatever. Some of us fret because we haven't just as good clothes as others, or because somebody has been beforehand with us in getting the newest style before we had the chance to do so; or we worry because the sun don't shine, or that it snows, or that it don't snow, or that some expected thing has not occurred; we cannot see any pleasures in life and give up our minds to suicidal thoughts and talk about death and the grave until we sicken those around us and them sincerely wish we would shuffle off this mortal coil and rid the world of an unmitigated bore.

Yes, it is such a sphere of misery to dwell in when the milliner has failed to send home our new hat, and we did so want to hear the Rev. Mr. Goodwill's sermon on "Resignation." It seems as though fate itself were conspiring against us, that our cup of misery was overflowing, that our fair sky is overcast and there is no satisfaction in life. Eve, in the garden of Eden, must have been a happy creature, indeed, when she was not annoyed by having milliners disappointed.

The women fret because they cannot vote and govern the whole country, and the men fret at the women because they want to vote and govern. They keep on at this fretting until they grow cross and disagreeable and until they resemble contestants in a prize fight, and we, lookers-on, fret because we cannot see how the battle is to terminate. Oh, this fretting! It must be pleasant and entertaining to ourselves else we shouldn't be so prone to indulge in it, and how we are going to contrive to live in heaven without our pet amusement is indeed a mystery. I'm afraid some of us will be discontented and want to come back to a world of wrangles and frettings, for some folks are never satisfied anywhere.

We might be just as happy a set of individuals as any in the world if we only took as much pleasure in pleasures as we do in fussing, tuning, and fretting.

I've heard of a person who, having nothing to fret about, complained bitterly that no acrobat ever tumbled from his trapeze and broke his neck in his town; while other towns were more fortunately favored!

We fret at what we style the incapacity of our leaders and think, if the reins of the Government were only in our hands, we could guide this country much better than our rulers do now. We think we could build a Rome in a day, and while we are fretting at what we would do we are leaving undone just what we should do. We want to scale mountains and think we are perfectly able to do so, yet we grow faint and weary at the top of the smallest hillock. We think it no hard task—in imagination—to lead armies in the battle-field, yet we cannot bear the slightest disappointment. Sometimes we grow heroic and think we would like to be a nurse in some of the hospitals, binding up the wounds of the soldier, yet we almost faint at the sight of blood from a cut finger, and, when this example of our bravery is set before us, we fret and we don't know why we fret. If we actually did know why—if we paused to think—perhaps we should grow so thoroughly disgusted with ourselves that we should give up fretting entirely. That would be a good day to celebrate, and may it come along soon, else we shall have to put on many a tombstone. "Died of Fretting."

EVE LAWLESS.

### New York Notes.

THE world seems turned into one big, dingy blot, like the smudges on a naughty boy's copy-book (little girls always keep theirs nice, you know). Take one part rain, three parts fog, four parts mud, mix well together, and administer internally, externally, and inwardly, that will do—every hour for seven days! There you have a correct recipe of the "spell o' weather" Old Prob. has prescribed for us New Yorkers lately, and that we have had to take as good-naturally as we could compatibly with our characteristic desire for a change every day. It is wonderful with what fortitude women have traversed the muddy thoroughfares. Shoe merchants must have done a thriving trade. It has been an excellent time for displaying pretty boots. Croquet would never have become a necessary invention if New York mud could have been patented instead.

But, really, I think we must have a change, or what a sorry time to-morrow will be for immaculate boots and delicate carpets. Though, to be sure, the papers are announcing that

New Year calls are to be the exception this year. But then the papers say that every year, and the genial old custom, of which Washington thought so highly and declared ought never to be neglected, survived and flourished, in spite of news-dearth reporters. And what a time there will be to-morrow. Such fretting and snapping and grumbling and bowing and flirting and smiling; such compliments and criticisms; such concealment of real feelings and display of marvelous toilets. There is a great deal said about hard times, but never a suspicion of it will cast a shadow upon New Year Day.

Hard times, indeed! Think of it; and one of our large jewelers has just made a set of turquoise buttons, for a New York girl, at seventy-five dollars a button. Very flush times for some people, if we may forsake the old adage and judge by appearances. You have suspected, no doubt, from my last bit of gossip, that elegant buttons are the rage. And you have suspected rightly. Costly buttons, perfect marvels of art, are now the important item in high life. Moreover, suits are to be covered as thickly with buttons as the ground with crystals after a hail-storm. Our belles, like Sloppy, who turned poor Mrs. Higgins' mangle, will be all buttons. And the resemblance will be more striking, since New York ladies have universally taken to parting their hair upon one side, and drooping the crimped front in a curve low upon the brow. Writing of hair, perhaps there never was a time when ladies have been so little governed by one prevailing style in the arrangement of their coiffures. Dame Fashion has issued the command, "let women wear their hair as is most becoming to individual height, size, and style of beauty;" and so long as your hair is methodically frizzly in front, why, suit yourself about the disposition of it in the rear.

"They say"—excellent authority—that fashion, as well as all minor incidents connected with the harmony of the universe, moves in cycles. Positively we know that chignons were a reproduction of ancient Chinese, Egyptian and Roman fashions; the ladies of Queen Bess' time wore hoops and ruffles; the court dresses of the age of Louis XVI. were composed of the same materials that are sold for ladies dinner-dresses in this season of 1875 and '76; the brocade silks that our great-grandmothers wore are used for the stylish costumes of to-day; so you need not be surprised when I inform you that the most stylish ornaments young ladies can don this winter are the strings of gold beads that belonged to the dead and gone ancient dames of the family. These are worn, one, two, three and four strings deep, with or without locket attached, and fairly dispute the palm with the Roman chains that are holding so continued and esteemed a place in the list of fashionable jewelry. By the way, the newest innovations regarding the large-linked chains are alternate links of polished and dull gold.

I was to a brilliant matinee, in one of our most brilliant up-town theaters, the other afternoon, and one sprightly little character in the play asserted that it was executable policy to "take on to-morrow what you can square off to-day." A bit of philosophy I commend to "the girls," and which I intend to put into practice by closing to-day's article with the story of a little *denouement* that took place a few days ago in town.

Just recently, a handsome young sailor was arrested and summoned to appear in court to answer to the charge of dressing in masculine apparel. Well, it seems as if that were a very orthodox practice on his part, until the officers addressed him as *her*. The fact was, the handsome sailor youth, who quite charmed the court, was a girl of twenty-one, brave, pleasing, frank, who had grown too used to her assumed position to appear awkward. Moreover, she was a Massachusetts girl, which, indeed, it seemed quite natural that she should be. A girl of good family, she, nevertheless, committed the grave indiscretion of marrying at fifteen. Before she was seventeen she concluded that she had married too early in life, and would like to "see the world." Without any preliminaries she deserted husband and child, and adopted the life of a sailor, in which capacity she has been quite all around the world, and has also served in our navy. But desertion seemed a failing of hers, and she deserted from the naval service. Now she is going home, with tanned, healthful face, and hands callous and hard as iron. How she will be received by her liege lord is a speculative subject. I will leave you to ponder upon it, fair readers, with the hope, on my own behalf, that she will meet with a more kindly reception than she merits.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Invitations to Our Centennial.

In response to various invitations sent abroad to distinguished personages to attend the great Centennial Exposition to be held at Philadelphia in '76—which you no doubt have heard something of through a newspaper, or your neighbor (which is just as good) the following answers have been lately received:

The Emperor of Germany writes: "I am almost pretty sorry that I cannot be on hand—or on foot—at your great Centennial festival, but the fact is I have got so much work to do (and can't hire a hand) to keep Europe straight, and watch over its destinies, that I can't even leave home to go down town to buy a pair of socks. I should like to pack my valise and foot it across the Atlantic if I had a good pair of boots to travel in, and visit your exhibition at half price, as you generously propose, if I could. Language—even the German—fails to express my great desire to be there and take you all up in my arms at that time, and sit down to a feast of fried American Eagle, with star spangled napkins. But there will be my next winter's wood to be saved. With professions which nearly amount to regret, I beg to decline."

Joseph Smith, son of the Mormon prophet, and President of the organization called the True Latter-Day Saints, says the new institution comprises about 15,000 members scattered throughout the United States, Europe and the Sandwich Islands. They adhere to the "original" denouement polygamy, and reject Brigham Young's claim to the leadership. In Mr. Smith's estimation polygamy will never be abandoned by the Mormons. It must either be crushed out by superior power or sapped by overpowering public opinion. Polygamy exists to-day by failure of the people of the United States to enforce their own moral enactments.

The proportions which the business of horse racing has assumed in this country may be judged from the fact that during 1875, eight hundred and eighty races were run for stakes aggregating in value \$890,000, and it isn't a particularly good year. The nominal stakes, moreover, are but a very small fraction of the millions of dollars that change hands in bets between individuals. If horse racing and betting are evidences of public demoralization, then Satan is scoring rapidly in his game with the moralists. Dr. Talmage will have to do his coat and go at it in his shirt sleeves.

The following was a part of a young attorney's peroration on argument of demurrer in a suit recently: "May it please your Honor, this is a stupendous question. Its decision by you will live in judicial history long after you and I shall have passed from this scene of earthly glory and sublunar vanity; when the tower of Pisa shall be forgotten; when Waterloo and Borodino shall grow dim in the distant cycles of receding centuries; when the names of Eugene, Marlborough, and Napoleon are no longer remembered; when the Pyramids of the Pharaohs shall have crumbled into dust; when the hippopotamus shall cease to inhabit its native Nile; even then your ruling upon this demurrer will still survive in the volumes of legal lore, as fresh, green and imperishable as an antique big Thompson grasshopper or a Colorado potato bug."

HALSEY FITCH, Lansing, writes: "A friend and I had desire to make express an invitation to two matrons of distinction. We met a young lady, and a chaperone, one evening, whom we both knew, and we escorted her home. Ought only one of us to have gone, or as we were equally acquainted with her, did we do right? While stopping in the house a short time later, we met another young lady, whom we might call on the following week, naming a certain evening. She said certainly. But we have wondered if we did wrong in asking. Please settle the matter for us." As you were companions, and both acquaintances of the lady, and only by chance became her escorts, you were perfectly justified in doing so. The other matron, however, thought it impolite in you to ask her to call on her. "Please settle the matter for us." As you were companions, and both acquaintances of the lady, and only by chance became her escorts, you were perfectly justified in doing so.

WALTER COOPER, New York, writes: "A friend and I had better wait to see how cordial an as-

pect direction. Nobody knows just what a basketful of gratitude I feel for the invitation. This is the first Centennial your country has ever had, and it will be a few years before you will have another one, unless some great change takes place in your history. I will see that my other shirt is washed and ironed by that time, for I desire to come in state. I earnestly desire to take one lingering look at your great American pumpkins, which no doubt will be the crowning feature of the Exhibition. Will any of your great statesmen be on exhibition then, and how much extra is the sight of them? Please state if the street-cars run to the Centennial buildings, and what is the fare. You can climb up on a tree and look for me certainly."

The Prince of Wales said: "If mother will let me—and I will ask her to—I will buy a box of paper collars and come. Do you know what is the price of steerage passage over?"

Your country will be a hundred years old by then.

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THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.  
An Ode for St. Valentine's Day.

BY MICHAEL SCANLAN.

Rome, in her noon-tide splendor, bairic but sublime, Had flung her crimson glory over all the coming time, And the nations sung submission when her standard was unfurled, For her mighty march of conquest thrilled a subjugated world!

Then war, the iron-visaged, insatiate and grim, Had drawn her adoration from all other gods to him.

Till the roar of wrecking armies rolled like music to her ears,

Till her bosom knew not pity, till her fierce eyes

knew not tears,

For the flowering of her spirit had been blindly trodden down

By war's remorseless legions who had crowned her for their own.

As in a shepherd's bosom, so in the heart of Rome, Thrond high above red carriage, Love had found a home; Rocked in her giant passions, wrapped in her fierce desires, Drew beauty from her matrons, strength from her sinew'd sires, Then plucked the public homage from the front of Mars, and wrung Submission from the despot, till his battle banners hung

As trophies on Love's altar, while heralds sung abroad

Through all the templed city, "Love is the greatest god!"

The troops hailed the omen, and a day was set apart

When war should pay allegiance to the monarch of the heart.

That day beheld Love gazing on the fair, uplifted face

Of Rome, and the marble visage was lit with new-born grace—

That visage battle-molded and seeming fixed as fate

As if a touch of pity had softened its lines of hate;

The flowers of her eager spirit, long crushed in her battle gloom,

Now leaped to the genial sunshine and burst into full-blown bloom;

For Rome had newly risen to the high belief that life

Had deeper and holier raptures than blood-consuming strife—

She that had strangled pity and murdered mirth

Rolled that day with laughter, and wept unblushing tears.

Har to the trumpet crashes! now drowned in the mighty trumpe! proclaiming the god who has come to save!

Of the war voices proclaiming the god who has come to save!

Under triumphal arches, past temples thrown open wide,

While seas of soulful faces look homage on either side;

Ride warards and war-gemmed legions, their weaps buried in flowers;

And youths and lithe-limbed maidens, winged like the flying hours,

Patrician plebeian bending, like thoughts in a penitent's prayer;

All Fates abroad to worship in the temple of sun and air;

Anon comes the chariot of triumph, the victors smiling above,

And War, in garlands wreathed, sits at the feet of Love.

This was when the Roman in his young wolt-sighted days

Tracked up the everlasting through war's mad and blinding ways;

But time with wasting vision looked in the heart of Rome.

And it crumbled into ashes, and temple, arch and dome

Gaped into shapeless ruin; her altars were o'erthrown,

And here the world-consuming, live but in song and stone—

The fierce, the blind, the lustful; things that uprose from clay

At the call of the heated passions and reveled for a day—

But Love rose young, eternal, above the reach of Time.

Above the wreck of empire, beyond the Roman clime.

Not all the hoary legions that have lapped the lands in flame;

That men might read in wonder some fratricidal name,

Could keep the earth from blushing in her bridal robes of flowers.

Nor stamp out the affections from this throbbing world of ours;

Their gods, the crimson haloed, were consumed by their own lust;

The adored and the adorers are long-forgotten gods and men grow old, but love is ever young;

To-day, as at creation, are his hymns of rapture sung;

We clasp hands with the Romans as we set a day apart

To crown him and proclaim him the monarch of the heart.

Then here his coming herald, the gentle Valentine, Cull flowers of the affections to strew on Love's fair shrine.

And come with songs of gladness, sweet paean of old time,

Pure as the snow of Hecula, warm as the Roman clime;

Swell, swell the living chorus by the rolling ages

Though earth and time grow old, still Love is ever young,

Ever young and ever glowing, ever blessing while being blest—

So woe him, open-armed, oh, ye maidens of the world;

With the beauty of the Grecian and the vigor of old Rome;

Be your hearts his living temples, be your hearts his dearest home.

The Men of '76.

Washington.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—venerated name! One hundred years have not diminished but added to the luster of his fame.

As time widens the space between us and those days, when the tocsin of Liberty sounded through the land, we see more clearly that the hand of God was in it, for did He not raise up great men to meet the mighty crisis?

Grandly looming up through the distance, towers the great, wise and good Washington, proper leader of that gigantic struggle for freedom—the Moses of the New Dispensation, which was to embody the Gospel of Liberty and give to man the Government of the People.

Looking at him now, in the light of history, and contrasting him with those great leaders who molded the destinies of nations—Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, Charles V., Napoleon—we are more and more impressed with his sublime character, for he alone of all earth's conquerors sought not his own aggrandizement but to give true freedom a permanent abiding-place, and to plant the True Republic upon permanent foundations.

Washington was a Virginian by birth, and by education a man of the people. He came of an old and honored family—all of whom seem to have been persons of solid worth and substantial character, of the class denominated "gentlemen"—landed proprietors. His great-grandfather, coming from the North of England—the sturdy, independent and intensely Protestant portion of the realm, settled in Virginia in the year 1657. George, born in Westmoreland County, February 22d, 1732, was the third son of Augustine Washington, but the eldest of five children by his father's second marriage. He received only a fair English education, for in those early days the sparsely settled country could support but few schools, and "tutors" were the chief reliance of the families of the "gentry."

From early years George was accustomed to hardy and active exercise. Running, wrestling, jumping, horse-racing, hunting, were the pastimes and sports of the people—in all of which he so excelled as to become a conceded champion. Humorous stories are related of his extraordinary strength, prowess and agility. But in all, he was the gentleman—the good-natured, affable and generous nature which his serious after life toned down but never obliterated.

Taking up the calling of surveyor, he passed many weeks and months in running lines over the then quite unsettled region lying along the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and in what is now the northern portion of West Virginia. The qualities he developed induced Governor Dinwiddie to make him a messenger to explore the region around and north of what is now Pittsburgh, where the French were establishing forts and encroaching on British possessions. This mission of great delicacy, hazard and exposure was performed in the winter of 1753—George being then only twenty-one years of age! So well did he discharge this trust that the next year he was made lieutenant-colonel of a Virginia regiment, raised to resist these French advances, and the colonel of the regiment dying, George took full command, and then commenced a military career which want of space forbids us to follow. He made such a splendid record that, when Braddock fell (July 9th, 1755) in his ill-starred campaign against the French forts on the north, at the ambush near Fort Duquesne (Pittsburgh), Washington assumed command and brought the routed and demoralized army back to safety again, and won the highest praise for his splendid gallantry and military judgment. The Governor of Virginia made him commander of the colony's forces, and for three years following he was actively in the field against the French and Indians, in what is now called "the old French War"—a struggle which was alive with deeds of daring, adventure and suffering.

Retiring from the army in 1758, he married Mrs. Martha Custis, widow of John Park Custis, and with his wife and two children retired to his estate at Mt. Vernon, where the war of the Revolution found him, pursuing the peaceful life of a planter. Virginia sent him as one of seven delegates to the "Congress" of the colonies, called to assemble in Philadelphia, in 1774, to consider the relations with Great Britain.

In the first Congress he was a very influential member, as well as in the second "Continental Congress," which met in Philadelphia, May 10th, 1775, to consider the alarming situation and devise a means of common defense. The battles of Lexington and Concord had been fought in April, and the gauge of war thrown down by Great Britain was accepted by all the colonies; so that when this second Congress met it proceeded at once to arrange for united defense. John Adams, of Massachusetts, indicated Washington as the proper man to assume chief command of the provided-for "Continental Army," and on motion of Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, he was nominated for that high office. The ballot was unanimous, and the commission was issued June 15th, 1775—two days before the battle of Bunker Hill.

How great must have been his merits that this wise Congress should have confided to him the tremendous trust of confronting all the powers of Britain's tried armies and tested generals! He never for a moment wavered; his clear mind grasped the situation; its immense peril to himself, his family and his estate—it's awful responsibility and herculean labor—he saw it all, and with a heroism not born of enthusiasm, but of sublime conception of duty, he accepted the trust, and, refusing all pay for his services, he stepped into history—the center of observation of the world, and holding in his hands the destinies of three millions of people.

To follow Washington through the eight years of military service which succeeded, is far beyond the limits of any mere sketch. Volumes have been given to the glorious record, and yet the story in its completeness is untold, for the man was so calm, so steady, so patient, soundaunt, that little by little, as the years pass, we begin to see him in a clearer light, and to fix his true position as a man, as a commander, as a statesman and a sage. From North to South he moved, the very impersonation of an unconquerable will. Defeat, disaster, disappointment, all were met by that stern courage, which, undaunted even by the dreadful rigors of the winter at Valley Forge, compelled all to venerate the man, and to sustain to the end a cause which gave them such a leader.

And enemies—of course he had them. Did ever greatness escape the penalty of defamation, envy and distrust? Never! He who takes the lead of men and masses must become the target of skulking dastard and open traitor. Washington, whose fame is now so secure, was suspected, slandered, impugned by a cabal in and out of Congress, but the penetration of the patriots at the head of affairs saved and sustained him—the end richly justifying their steadfast faith in the chief.

In the spring of 1778 it was announced that a preliminary peace had been signed in Paris by plenipotentiaries of the three powers, Great Britain, the United States and France; but it was not until October 18th of that year, that the American army was disbanded by order of Congress. On November 25th the British army evacuated New York, and the American troops still in the service entered the city—Washington at their head. Oh, what an ovation followed! The people, wild with delight, fairly worshiped the ground on which he trod; but, even then, he was the same dignified, calm, undemonstrative man as in his eight years of weighty responsibility, for, with a prescient eye, he yet looked ahead, and asked himself the question: "What next?"

Yes, what next? The colonies were now "free and independent States," but only States, each with distinct interests, with limitless powers for mischief and contention. Independence had released them from all foreign control, but what would now come in its wake?

December 4th, 1783, Washington took leave of the army in New York, amidst an immense public gathering—most affecting and imposing incident; and, proceeding to Annapolis, Maryland, where Congress was then in session, he formally resigned his commission to that august body, and retired to Mount Vernon, the most admired and best beloved man in the world!

What were a scepter and crown to such glory! This Congress of Delegates continued, in adjourned sessions, until 1787, when it became evident that something must be done to save the States from drifting apart and forming dangerous and inimical coalitions. Local and sectional jealousies, rivalries in commerce and settlement; impending separate State treaties with foreign powers; necessity of discharging the continental debt, the acquisition of territory to the west—all arose like so many warnings of danger, and a convention of all

the States was called, to meet at Philadelphia on the second Monday of May, 1787, to remodel and perfect the scheme for a Union of all the States under a common Constitution and authority.

To this convention Washington was appointed, and upon its assembly was elected its presiding officer. It remained in session all summer, and resulted in the adoption, by it, of our present Constitution (less its since added "Amendments"), September 17th, 1787. This was only slowly accepted and ratified by the necessary majority of States, many of them being very averse to a dominating central power; and it was not until January, 1789, that the first national election was held. The Electoral College then chose him its president in February, and Washington was unanimously elected as the first President of the United States of America, and John Adams, of Massachusetts, was elected Vice-President; but from a delay in obtaining a quorum in Congress the electoral college votes were not counted and declared until early in April, on the 14th of which month the General was informed of his election.

His journey from Mount Vernon to the city of New York, the then chosen seat of Government, was one grand ovation—a kind of triumphal progress. Crowds flocked from far and near to cheer as he passed, in carriages, on his way. Committees and delegations received him as their guest, and escorted him at their boards; but, expressive as was this homage of people along the route, the reception at New York was so enthusiastic and spontaneous that it needed no further ceremony to assure the Republic. The formal inauguration took place April 30th. At 9 A.M. of that day all the churches in the city held divine service, and at noon, with imposing ceremony, the oath of office was administered in the balcony in front of the Senate Chamber in the old Federal Hall on Wall street (where the Custom House now stands).

Thus auspiciously was our present Government given form, life and effect, and, under Washington's sagacious advice, for the succeeding eight years the Republic took permanent shape, and the United States, with marvelous rapidity, became a power among the nations.

Retiring at the end of his second term, Washington published his Farewell Address, a document which, next to our Constitution, is most revered and studied by people and lawmakers. While the Constitution is the law of our liberty, the Farewell Address is the spirit of that liberty, giving the correct interpretation of that law; hence, it will ever remain to us a precious heirloom, without which Washington's incomparable gifts to man would have been incomplete.

Retiring, in March, 1797, from office, he was not permitted long to enjoy his serene repose at Mount Vernon, for in July, 1798, he was again nominated commander-in-chief of the American armies, in view of expected war with France, and at once proceeded to the work of creating the first national army and putting it in effective condition. No war followed, however, through the sober second thought of the French Directory, and Washington, who had not yet been compelled to leave his home, was permitted to enjoy his coveted rest.

Alas, for only a brief season, for on December 12th, 1799, taking a severe cold in riding out over his farms, he grew gradually on the 18th ill, and after only a few hours real sickness, the strong man slept the sleep of death, dying late on the evening of the 14th, the symptoms closely indicating what is now known as the dreaded diphtheria.

For the first few days, Mrs. Washington had been charmed upon the first forming of Ethel's acquaintance, the admiration deepened and grew into the fondest regard, as the days went on, and she noted the quiet, high-bred ways, the elegant self-possession of manner, the gentleness, spirituality and delicacy of her disposition.

She found, too, that Ethel was well educated; that she played almost perfectly, and could sing with a tender, pathetic voice that instinctively made one listen in silent admiration. Her beauty, too, developed under the tender care Mrs. Argelyne bestowed upon her; not that she had ever sought else but wondrously fair, but her late troubles had impaired it somewhat; so that when her cheeks lost their waxen pallor, and assumed their wonted tender paleness, and the heavy black circles disappeared from under her eyes, and into her steps came the old, graceful springiness, Mrs. Argelyne was enchanted, and congratulated herself daily on the good fortune that had brought Ethel to her roof.

For the first few days, Mrs. Argelyne had stubbornly refused to make any business arrangements with Ethel; and the girl was soothed, so thankful for the repose that she did not urge it. But, when a fortnight had gone, Mrs. Argelyne found that under all Ethel's sweetness and gentleness was a decision of character not to be trifled with.

"I cannot think of being a loiterer in the world," Mrs. Argelyne, nor would I respect myself if I allowed myself to remain a dependent on your kind bounty. I can and must earn my own living, and I would rather do it here than anywhere in the world."

And when Mrs. Argelyne listened to her patient, firm words, she loved her the more, and yielded the point at once.

"You are right, Ethel. You shall enter upon duties to-day, at a stated salary of six hundred dollars a year, payable quarterly in advance."

Ethel's face was tenderly radiant. A hundred and fifty dollars a quarter! It was magnificently large. With no expenses, and the good stock of clothes on hand, together with her little hoard of cash, she felt rich, with a thankfulness that shone all over her face.

"Mrs. Argelyne! you are generous beyond my most sanguine expectations. How can I thank you?"

Mrs. Argelyne laughed, softly.

"I fear you will recant when you learn what a host of duties I shall impose upon you. You will have to see that my rooms are always cozy and tastefully arranged; you will have all my toilets to invent—and you know mourning is capable of so few originalities. Then there will be my morning and evening hours to listen to reading and music; there will be such tiresome tours of shopping and the dreary

rounds of calls—both of which miseries I am disposed to make you share with me."

Ethel took up the delightful list, and went on enthusiastically.

"You must not neglect to add my duties as hairdresser, and seamstress, and general maid. I am determined to earn my salary, dear Mrs. Argelyne."

She looked so frank, so brave, so earnest.

"And I assure you I am equally determined to get the worth of my money," returned Mrs.

ness in his eyes and a trembling in every limb as he realized that Ethel's influence was not yet gone from his heart. He drew the long list of names to him, almost savagely.

"I might as well begin. Read them, Ida, as I write."

She leaned carelessly against his chair, flushed and happy.

"Mrs. Argylema. You don't know her, do you? Neither do I, and cousin Georgia told me she did not. But cousin Theo requested an invitation for her especially. She is a lady he met in Europe and whom he greatly admires for her culture and refinement. She moves in the most exclusive circles in New York, and very probably you and I will visit her, some day, cousin Theo says."

He wrote the name, all unconscious of its fatal implication with his own.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

## JACK RABBIT, The Prairie Sport:

OR,  
THE WOLF CHILDREN OF THE LLAZO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S EYE," "YELLOW-  
STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.

A LOVER ON THE TRAIL.

WITH heavy step and drooping head, a mustang toiled slowly through the dry, glistening sand. Its coat was rough and harsh with dried sweat and dust; its ears hung down, its tongue protruded like that of an exhausted dog.

Its rider was not in much better case. He, too, bore traces of long and hard traveling, if not of physical suffering. His dress was disordered, his face haggard, a wild, hunted expression filled his eyes.

Suddenly his gaze became fixed, and he involuntarily tightened the reins, and the willing mustang halting in his tracks. Before him, until now hidden by a jutting spur of rocks, was a peculiar scene. Though fully a mile distant, every detail was distinctly visible in that rarified atmosphere.

A dozen dark shapes were moving to and fro, round and round a prostrate figure—the figure of a man lying upon the scorching sands near the edge of the rocky tract, still and motionless as though dead.

Nearer and nearer swooped the heavy-winged scavengers—the black vultures—their broad wings shadowing the body of the unfortunate, until one, bolder or more hungry than its mates, fairly settled upon the man's shoulders.

A sharp cry broke from the traveler's lips as he saw the vulture hurriedly rise from its perch, and with its mates, flap heavily away as though terrified. He saw the seeming corpse lift its arms and strike aimlessly around, then sink back once more.

With a wild, strange hope mingled with dread, the rider urged his mustang forward. His progress was slow, and the winged scavengers, as though resolved not to be robbed of their prey, settled down in a flock around the wretched, their sharp claws and powerful beaks quickly arousing the feeble spark of life, and the unhappy wretch fought desperately to defend himself.

A well-aimed arrow pierced one of the vultures through and through, and the traveler uttered a loud shout. With discordant cries and reluctant wings, the zopilotes abandoned the unequal contest.

Leaping from the saddle, the horseman stooped over the prostrate figure. Nearly naked, it was that of an Indian. From between his shoulders protruded the feathered shafts of two arrows. Other wounds were visible upon his sides and broad breast, as though the arrows had been torn or cut out, the holes being rudely stopped with moss and grass.

A cry of recognition broke from the young man's lips as the large, bloodshot eyes met his own, and it seemed as though the remembrance was mutual, though the dying man vainly tried to speak. Instantly the traveler's water gourd was produced, and its last drops drained from the sufferer's mouth. Scant and tepid as was the draught, it proved sufficient.

"Don Leon," huskily gasped the tiger-hunter; "I saved your life once—you made me a promise."

"I did—I promised to assist you if ever you needed help."

"I claim it now—not for myself. My trail is ended—I've struck my last *tigre*—thanks to the coward hands—but listen."

In broken yet intelligible sentences, the dying man told his story; how he had met Rosina and Pablo—though he knew not their names—of their meeting with Black Garote, and his vain attempt to escape with Rosina's message.

"She said—tell Don Felipe Raymon—"

That was enough. Leon Sandoval interrupted him with a sharp cry, his eagerness so great that he could scarce wait for the answer to his questions.

The tiger-hunter had seen, even as he fell, bristling with arrows, the rude seizure of the brother and sister, and knew that the maiden's worst fears had been realized. For hours he lay as though dead, but finally recovered enough to drag himself along the hot sands, heading for the point of rocks described by Pablo, the counterpart of the one where they met Black Garote.

"Save her—that's all—I ask," gasped the tiger-hunter, his head falling back.

The end of his earthly trail was reached. Yet he had lived long enough to deliver Rosina's message.

Eager as he was to follow up the clue so strangely found, the young man restrained his impatience. Though, in common with all of his race, the Spaniard had been taught to consider the "civilized Indians" as of less value than the beasts of the field, Sandoval made an exception in favor of the tiger-hunter, and could not abandon even his dead body to the vultures.

With some difficulty the corpse was lifted to the saddle and conveyed to the rocks. There, in a little hollow, the remains of the tiger-hunter were deposited, a pile of boulders above the grave insuring it undisturbed repose.

Don Leon Sandoval was a far more important personage than the position he has been given in this chronicle would seem to indicate. The son of a wealthy *haciendado*—and a *rico* in his own right—he joined the buffalo-hunters, on probation, as it were. He it was of whom Rosina thought, during her wild race, his face she expected to meet instead of that of Pablo. That they loved and were beloved, was no secret. Don Leon it was who left the wagon-train on the night of the storm, since that time he had been roving almost aimlessly through the desert, until, when hope was almost dead, he met with the faithful tiger-hunter, who lived just long enough to deliver Rosina's message.

Forgetting his own thirst and fatigue, Don Leon urged his jaded mustang on, following the broad, blood-stained trail left by the tiger-hunter. He had no definite plan in view; only to reach the spot where his heart was held captive. He knew little of Black Garote, but that little was enough to proclaim him an ugly customer, particularly with the odds in his favor.

Don Leon made but one halt on the way; at a little spring which gurgled from beneath a huge boulder, surrounded by a little patch of rich, succulent grass, very grateful to the hard-worked mustang, who greedily cropped while his master munched some tough *tasajo*.

The sun was low down in the west when Don Leon first caught sight of the rude carts, the dolorous screeching of which had guided him for an hour or more. The buffalo-hunters were just going into camp, and when satisfied of this, Don Leon concealed his horse among the rocks and stealthily crept forward, bearing bow and arrow, knife and lasso, the latter clutched around his body in such fashion as not to interfere with his movements.

Though an ardent lover, a bold and skillful Indian, Don Leon was still cool-headed and far-sighted enough to see that a single false move might be fatal to all concerned. While cover was plenty, the danger of being discovered by some of the keen-eyed ciboleros when contrasted with the white rocks was such that it was full sunset before Don Leon gained a position within arrow-flight of the encampment.

His heart beat high as he distinguished the figure of Rosina, but the light quickly deepened in his eyes as he noted the self-possessed air of the huge half-breed, who was giving him his ultimatum, before sending his captive into her tent.

While the buffalo-hunters were still engaged in eating, Don Leon made out the position occupied by Pablo, who was securely bound to one of the clumsy wooden wheels, in a sitting posture. His escape, unaided, was impossible; yet a cool, skillful man might hope to gain his side undiscovered under the cover of night. And while carefully marking out the best avenue of approach, Don Leon saw that the carreta to which Pablo was secured, contained several bows and sheaves of arrows, together with a rifle—the one captured with him.

Quiet at length fell over the encampment, and Don Leon saw that the moment for action was come. Leaving his covert, he glided cautiously forward. He knew that only one sentinel had been placed, and that upon the opposite side of the arena, or toward the desert. Unless some of the sleeping hunters were aroused, he believed that after freeing Pablo, they could steal away with Rosina, unobserved.

With a coolness and patience which few men can boast, Don Leon crawled nearer and nearer the camp, lying flat upon his stomach and only advancing by inches while out in the moonlight. More than once he paused and remained motionless for minutes, as some of the sleepers moved restlessly, or turned over.

But then, gaining the deeper shadow, he could work more rapidly, and was soon close beside the prisoner. For a moment he hesitated, fearful that Pablo would betray all by some sound or outcry, but then he made out the youth's eyes gazing keenly upon him.

"The dogs are coming in here," he muttered, with a sign for Pablo to be cautious.

"Pick your way with care—a mistake might be fatal. If they once suspect our presence here they will have us foul."

"They might run us down, but some of them wouldn't live long enough to crow over us," muttered the youth.

A few moments later the increased clamor—the fiercer shouts and more vindictive yells—that came along the defile, told the fugitives that the buffalo-hunters were stoutly defending the entrance.

"Make haste, Pablo," grated Don Leon. "Now is our time!"

"I would, only—the way is blocked up!" gasped Pablo.

For a moment Sandoval stood in silent horror, then gently lowering his burden, he sprang forward. But all was in vain. The defile abruptly ended in a high, almost perfectly smooth wall. They were in a trap—the pass was nothing more than a pocket!

They realized the full force of their discovery. They could retreat no further. Were the buffalo-hunters driven in by the savages the fugitives could only hope to escape through desperate fighting, as the defile narrowed down until two persons could not pass abreast. Were the whites victorious they would hardly omit searching such an apparently snug hiding place.

When convinced that further retreat was cut off, the comrades selected a spot, as well as possible amid the intense gloom, from whence they could hold at bay any enemy from without, and in low whispers discussed their chances of ultimate escape.

The cries and shouts from the mouth of the pocket had died away, and all was intensely, almost oppressively still. Then, for the first time since they left the encampment, a faint sound came from the captive for whom they had waited so much.

In an instant Don Leon was by her side, gently calling her by name; assuring her that all was well. For a few moments there was no answer. She lay quiet in his arms, suffering his eager lips to dwell upon hers, as her consciousness gradually returned and her misery grew stronger.

"Rosina, darling, speak to me—tell me that you know me—your Leon," he murmured, his cheek pressed to hers.

"Who Rosina? me Paquita," came the quick reply, as the lithe form suddenly glided out of his arms. "Who—oh! I know now! Curse Rosina—me kill her, dead, dead, two, three times over!"

The tones were little less musical than those Don Leon had expected to hear—but the words! He started back in utter astonishment, for the moment, unable to realize the terrible mistake they had made.

Fortunately the woman had not yet comprehended the whole truth, else she might easily have escaped.

"Who you men? what you make wid me here?" cried the woman, her voice raising higher and more shrill as her excitement increased, until there was danger of her being heard by the enemy without. "What dis place—where dat woman—"

Pablo was the first to recover his senses, and springing forward he grasped the Indian woman, one hand firmly clasping her lips, just in time to stifle a loud shriek.

"Be silent—raise your voice above a whisper and by all the saints I'll kill you, woman or no woman!" he muttered, sternly, as his choking grip gradually relaxed.

The woman seemed cowed and sunk to the ground with a low whimper. Had there been light, had she understood the whole situation, she would have acted differently. But it was all a mystery to her. The last she remembered was being in the tent, and now—where was she?

Don Leon drew closer to her, and spoke in a harsh, strained voice:

"There was a lady in the tent where we found you. What has become of her? Speak the truth, or—"

"Yes; me know," hissed Paquita, her superstitious fear vanishing before the mad jealousy that filled her bosom. "She white-face baby—she got love-word in her mouth—when she speak. Garote got eyes only for her. He forget Paquita—tell white woman he love her—mas hab for her wife! He say dis, an hear him, but he neber speak her so any more!"

The next moment, a hoarse, bellowing cry of furious rage filled the little valley with its echoes. A grating curse passed the tight-clenched teeth of Don Leon. He knew that

the truth had been discovered by Black Garote, who would spare no efforts to recapture his prey.

"On, Pablo!" he muttered, sternly. "Keep in the shade, and if they overtake us, remember that we are fighting for more than life—for your sister's honor!"

Burdened as he was, Don Leon kept pace with the young buffalo-hunter. Scrambling over or around the numerous boulders, they pressed on through the deep shadow, taking little heed to their course, hearing only the angry shouts and curses of the enraged ciboleros, to which were now joined the shrill yells of the savages. Had the two bodies, so recently seeking each other's blood, combined? If not, then the fight had been renewed, and had turned against the buffalo-hunters, since the wild sounds were coming up the valley, right in the wake of the fugitives.

Don Leon paused for a moment, as if to assure himself of this fact, then spoke to Pablo.

"We must hide and let them pass by, then we can double and reach my horse. Watch for a covert."

Scarcely another hundred yards had been traversed, when the young cibolero sharply plucked Don Leon's sleeve and turned abruptly to the left, entering what seemed to be a deep, narrow pass through the high, rocky hills. The entrance was tolerably well screened by bushes, but the keen eye of the young hunter had caught sight of the divided rocks above, and reason told him the rest.

The fugitives only entered the defile for a few yards, then Don Leon resigned his charge for the first time, stealing back to the entrance with ready bow. The angry yells and shouts from down the valley came nearer, and he could tell that the buffalo-hunters were sullenly retreating before the savages, yet contesting every foot of the ground.

"If they only keep it up!" he muttred red, easily, glancing above his head, where the divided rocks showed so plainly.

There was little room for choice either way.

Were the hunters pressed too hard, might they not seek refuge in the pass, where they could make a stout defense against ten times their number? Again, were the savages to abandon the fight, it was scarcely probable that Black Garote would submit to the loss of his captives and reason told him the rest.

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Happy Harry,  
THE WILD BOY OF THE WOODS;

or,  
The Pirates of the Northern Lakes.

BY OLL COOMBS,  
AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "DAKOTA DAN,"  
"BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE,"  
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CABIN CONFLICT.

HARRY glanced around the room, an inward terror taking possession of him for a moment. A fire was burning on the great stone hearth, and some meat was broiling on a heap of coals. To him it was evident that the men had taken possession of the cabin and were helping themselves. But, where, where was old Davy? As he asked himself the question his eyes caught sight of a little pool of blood upon the floor. He also saw a track of blood leading from the pool across the floor into one corner where there was a heap of straw and blankets used by the old trapper as a bed. There was a suspicious look about this heap, and as he eyed it closely the blood was almost frozen in his veins by sight of a bloody, moccasined foot protruding from the pile of blankets. It told a fearful tale; it was Davy's foot without a doubt! Those human fiends had murdered the old trapper and concealed his body there in the corner.

"You needn't stare around here, you dashed young rascal, tryin' to come innocence on me," burst from Mucklewee's lips. "It's me—the veritable ole Billy Mucklewee. You needn't think that you and that durned, or'ney, big dog of yours can outwit, outrun, oufight ole Billy. No, sir ee; I'd an ijee you'd cut out this way, and so I took wings and let out, too. You and your little elephant of a pup 'll snap me again. You're caged, my son, and you might as well drap your feathers."

"Murderer!" hissed the youth, with all the loathing scorn that he could throw into the words, "you ought to be quartered and fed to the wolves! You have murdered Davy Darrett, a harmless old trapper."

Involuntarily the murderer glanced toward the heap in the corner around which Belsazar was sniffling inquisitively.

"Nobody 'll miss him," replied the wretch, seeing that the boy had discovered his bloody crime; "and to cut matters short and end this talk, I'll tumble that old dog over by him," and he drew a pistol and cocked it. But, before he could fire, Harry sprang behind the villain, and jumping on his back, clasped his arms around his neck so tightly that he was choked to the floor.

"Take 'em, Bell!" cried the lad, and the next instant the dog sprang upon the soldier.

"Into 'em, Harry!—sick 'em, Belsazar—give 'em goss—rack it to 'em, the bloody hellions! Yoop! hurrah, for here's ole Davy good as a dozen dead men yet! Lap it to 'em, boys, and I'll lend a helpin' hand—hurrah for 'Hail Columbus'!"

Covered with blood and suffering with a number of severe wounds, old Davy Darrett had sprung from the heap in the corner and hastened to assist his young friend and Belsazar.

Harry clung to Bill's neck like a monkey to a limb, and the old reprobate failing to dislodge him by rolling upon him, drew his second pistol, and was about to fire back over his shoulder into the boy's face when Davy came to the rescue. He struck the pistol from the villain's hand, and then dealt him a furious kick in the ribs that doubled him up like a twisted limb.

With a howling imprecation Mucklewee strove to spring to his feet, but the dog could rise the trapper snatched up the villain's pistol and shot him dead!

Then over the fallen body, Davy Darrett extended his hand, saying:

"Shake, Harry, shake! God bless your blessed little soul; shake, I say!"

"Great hornits, Davy! I thought you were dead," replied the lad, extending his hand.

"I war mortal nigh it, and thought I'd play 'possum like you are in the habit of doing; but, Harry, for God's sake don't let that dog chaw that Englisher any more! The man's deader'n thunder, now. Call him off, Harry, call him off."

Harry called his dog away from the really dead soldier; then, white almost as a sheet, he turned to Davy and said:

"This is awful, awful business, Davy. It almost makes me sick at heart to think men become hunters of men, and butchers and kill one another."

"You're entirely too tender-hearted, Harry, my boy," replied Davy. "I don't see how you get along as well as you do. But then you'll git over this by'm'by. It's natural for a youngster to have a soft heart. I like to see a soft, kind and gentle heart when the right time comes, but then I want to see it stiffer and brace up when courage and firmness is wanted. You've that kind of a heart, boy; I know you. Brave are you when bravery's required; gentle and kind when gentleness and kindness is wanted. You must git over feeling bad about these two villainous unless you're afraid their death will make times dull."

"I've had it lively for the past week, friend Davy," Harry announced, "and I must say that that dead wretch lying there has been the cause of a good share of it all. But, Davy, do you know a regular ole war with England is goin' on now?"

"That tells me so," and he pointed to the dead soldier.

"And do you know that a big army of red-coats have crossed the frontier and are marching down this way?"

" Didn't know that, Harry."

"It's true, it is, for a startlin' fact; I camped with 'em last night by their earnest request enforced with a loaded musket. They'll be hereabouts about to-morrow noon, and maybe sooner, for I left them fellers at camp."

"Jewhillikins! you don't say, Harry?"

"I do, for a downright fact, Davy. I come by to tell you."

"Come by? whar ye goin'?"

"To general head-quarters of the American army in the north-west, which is at Detroit. I have a message, and the whole plans of the English general's proposed campaign, which I captured from a British major t'other mornin' in."

"You don't say you have these things, do you? Why, if that's so, it'll bu'st the Britishers' calculations all to smash. Gracious! yes, you want to get that news to Hull, and it'll be the makin' of you. You're a trump, boy, and ort to be made a general or a governor when you grow bigger. I'd walk a thousand miles to vote for you, Harry."

"Davy, are you goin' with me? or will you stay here?"

"Stay here!—stay here and git gobblled by the British? Nary stay; I'll shoulder my old rifle and peg out with you. I've not much

here to lose, and everything to gain. Yes, Sir Harry, I'll shoulder rifle and peg out for tall timber with you. I want to take a hand in this war, for I never expect to see another war in my time."

"I will be pleased to have your company, Davy; and I'd suggest that we get away as soon as possible, for other enemies may be near. But before we go, me and Belsazar wants something to eat, if you've anything in your palace of the kind. We've fasted for a week, it seems like."

"Anything to eat? Why, just look that, br'ilin' on them coals. My jolly, genial guests put me to bed and then went in on their nervous system. But, at me! how very unusual is life. Now that they lay, and here I stand. Yes, Harry, we'll have a rousin' old supper, then set sail. Lust, let us drag these poor dead devils aside and cover 'em up; then, while I'm washin' up and puttin' on some clean buck-skin you amuse yerself, the best you can."

"I'll select a rifle from among our enemies' effects, as I was relieved of mine at the British camp last night."

"Do so, Harry—go ahead, make yerself right to home—indulge freely, partake of whatever pleaseth your fancy—be reckless as you please, for this is our last hour, y'raps, at the palace of ole Davy Darrett."

Harry examined the weapons of the soldier and Mucklewee, and, to his happy surprise, found the gun and accoutrements that he had been compelled to leave in Brock's camp. Mucklewee had substituted the elegant new rifle for his old flint-lock musket, little dreaming what a short time he was to possess it.

Old Davy soon washed the blood from his person and attired himself in a clean suit of buckskin from head to foot; then he set about preparing supper. This required but a short time, when they sat down and ate heartily. When the meal had been finished some of the remnants were stowed away in a leather game-bag for future need, then the two took their departure for Detroit, Davy bidding farewell to the cabin as though it were an old time-honored friend.

It was dark by this time, at least it seemed so to our friends when they first plunged into the woods. The wilderness was droning forth its monotonous song; but the sky was clear and starry, and the air cool and fragrant with the odors of the wildwood.

The two had journeyed but a short distance when the whinny of a horse suddenly broke through the woods. They came to a halt and listened. Not far away they could hear a sound, like a horse impatiently pawing the earth, mingled with the clinking of ring-bits and stirrups. Davy pressed his ear to the earth and listened long and intently, but could make nothing further than the sounds indicated.

"By horns!" exclaimed Harry, as a thought occurred to him.

"Now what, Happy?" questioned Davy.

"I hadn't thought of that before."

"Of what?"

"Of Mucklewee and the soldier havin' horses concealed near your cabin."

"You don't know yit that such is the case."

"No, but then it's possible. That noise is made by a horse pawing the ground and he must be hitched in there. Come along, and let us investigate the matter anyhow."

They crept softly forward and that pounding upon the earth ceased as they advanced, and was followed by a snorting, sniffing sound.

"Just as I told you, Davy," suddenly burst from Harry's lips; "here's two horses all saddled and bridled for us. Mount, Davy, and we'll ride down to Detroit; we will, for a square fact. Whoa, Prince! easy, now, ole steed," and he approached one of the restless animals and began caressing it. In a moment he had quieted its fears, then he ultiated it, and with but little difficulty mounted into the saddle.

Old Davy's horse was a little fractious, and as the old borderman had not been upon a horse's back for twenty years he deported himself somewhat awkwardly. With some difficulty, however, he finally got into the saddle, and then they resumed their journey.

Happy Harry could not refrain from an occasional outburst of merriment at the ludicrous figure of old Davy, doubled up and reeling to and fro on the animal's back like a monkey in a circus.

"Blast it, boy, why do you laff at me! A feller can't help gittin' scar—sick, I mean, on account of the vessel's motion. Jist wait till I catch the hoss's step, and then I'll sway edaztly right every time."

"You're top heavy, Davy; you are, for a fact."

"Ah, my boy! if you'd clumped around on foot as old Davy, you'd be top-heavy, too, under sich circumstances as these. But, never mind; I'll soon git ballasted, and then I'll show you a thing or two on hoss-back. It's not my fault that I'm reelin' around here; it's the hoss's fault; he won't walk square under me, that's what's the matter."

"You are like Jerry Jones when he got drunk and fell down. It wasn't on his account nor the liquor's, oh no, that he fell. He said that the earth was like an old wagon-wheel, and had lost its disk and got to wobblin' on its axis, and of course he couldn't keep his footin'."

"Well, Jerry wasn't fur from right," repeated Davy, affecting justification for his own awkward horsemanship.

They rode on as fast as the nature of the forest would admit, and about midnight struck the head-waters of a little creek flowing in a south-easterly course toward the Huron river.

"Do you know what stream this is, Davy?" Happy Harry questioned.

"It's Brownstown creek," replied the trapper. "It's bout twenty miles to its confluence with the Huron river, then it's twenty or thirty miles from there to Detroit."

"Can't we reach the fort without followin' the creek and river?"

"We can, yes; but then as it is night and the way uncertain and dangerous, we'll make time to stick to the water-courses as guides."

"All right, Davy; as you say," and they kept on down the stream.

They journeyed on until daylight, when they rode into the creek and watered their animals, then selected a grassy spot, drew rein and dismounted, to allow the animals to rest and graze awhile.

While reclining under a tree and partaking of the remnants of their supper, they were suddenly startled by the report of fire-arms far down the creek. The firing was sharp and vigorous for several minutes, then it ceased entirely.

"Something wrong down that way, Harry," declared Davy, with a dubious shake of the head; "surely the British haven't got in ahead of us and been attacked by our sojers."

"Impossible; the army could not have moved so rapidly with their heavy guns and baggage-wagons. It may, however, be a de-

tachment of cavalry sent out in advance of the main column to reconnoiter. Or it may be a skirmish between the Americans and a band of Indians."

"We can soon find out by mountin' our critters and joggin' 'em briskly down that way."

"And we might jog into an ambuscade of Indians, too. A feller can't be too keerful, Davy, these war times. An Indian or Britisher is just liable to hop out of a bush as a wolf or deer, and we've got to feel carefully along."

"You know your business, so go ahead, just as you think proper."

They finished their breakfast, mounted their animals and rode on down the creek. The imprint of horses' hoofs in the yielding earth suddenly arrested their attention; and upon careful examination of the ground they found that a large body of horses had passed down the stream. They also examined the tracks and found that they had been made by iron-shod hoofs. They found such a material difference in the shape of the shoe and that of the animals they rode, that they were led to believe a party of American horsemen had gone down the creek that morning. If so, they had fallen in with a band of savages, which accounted for the firing.

"What do you still counsel, Harry?" asked Davy; "had we better keep on down the creek, or bend off to the right a leetle?"

"Keep right on down the Brownstown. We may fall in with a party of friends, and be able to make ourselves useful."

"Just as you say, Harry. I'm in for anything that'll not disgrace the American eagle. Anything that'll shed glory on old Cumby, I'm in for."

They pushed carefully on, and finally entered an opening in the forest of perhaps forty acres in area. On the opposite side of this clearing the keen eyes of our friend caught sight of something fluttering in the air above a clump of bushes. It required not a second glance to tell him what it was.

A low, suppressed cry of delight burst from Harry's lips, while old Davy Darrett swung his cap aloft and shouted at the top of his powerful lungs:

"Hurrah for the star-spangled banner! the American eagle! and Hail Columbus, happy land!"

The sight of their country's flag waving so gracefully in the bright, morning sun, filled their breasts with renewed spirit and enthusiasm; and giving their animals the reins, they galloped forward.

Although they could see no one yet, they knew that beneath the folds of the flag they would be greeted by friends and American patriots with

"Freedom's soil beneath their feet,  
And freedom's banner waving o'er them."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE OLD BORDERMAN'S TEST.

As Happy Harry and old Davy continued to advance toward the camp, a man, in the uniform of a captain of the United States army, rode out of the woods and halted them.

"Who comes there?" he demanded, in a stentorian voice.

"Two doggone good American chaps," was old Davy's response. "I am ole David Darrett, hunter and trapper, and this're fractionally part of a man at my side is Happy Harry, the Wild Boy of the Woods."

"Advance, then," responded the officer. "You will report at once to Major Van Horne."

The two rode forward and were conducted into the timber where nearly two hundred mounted infantry were temporarily encamped. They were ordered to dismount at the edge of the camp, and while two men took charge of their animals, the captain conducted them to the commandant, whose quarters were under a low, branching tree.

Major Van Horne received them kindly. He knew them both by reputation, and so entered no doubts of their loyalty. After having passed the usual compliments, the officer asked:

"What news have you from the north-west?"

"Nothin' good, major," replied Harry. "General Brock, with a lammin' big army, is in this territory, marchin' on Detroit, with old Tecumseh and his minions at his right. Fifty miles don't separate you from them this holy minute; it don't, for a fact."

"Advance, then," responded the officer. "Can this be possible?" exclaimed the major, startled by the information.

"It's a fact, major; I war a prisoner in the camp of the British, nigh before last, and so I know of what I'm speakin'." Before captured, I was an eavesdropper at an interview between General Brock and old Tecumseh, and heard 'em make their rangements. Oh, I tell you, major, it's goin' to be warm on the peninsula. They've gained admittance to the lakes with their boats, and, just a few nights ago, a party of us surprised and captured the little brig 'Scout' with supplies for Brock's army. But then, major, this is not what I'm here for—in fact, I am not here for anything. I'm on my way to Detroit with some documents of great interest to the American arms."

"Ah, indeed! Is it possible that you are one of our spies?" asked Van Horne, in an un-dertone.

"I don't know what you'd call me, but I'm an American boy, and fightin' for yonder flag. You see, I captured, or rather played a sly trick on a British major t'other mornin', and got from him the paper I am now carrying to General Hull."

"Do you think it contains anything that would be of interest to me, Harry?"

"Not a doubt of it, major, for it is of interest to every loyal American; and I believe I'd better let you see it."

So saying, he pulled off his moccasin and with the point of his knife ripped a slit in the lining, from behind which he drew out a folded paper and handed it to Van Horne.

## SOME FEET.

BY JOSEPH JR.

His feet they were so very large  
That any one 'twould beat  
To tell if the feet belonged to the man  
Or the man belonged to the feet.  
To make his shoes it always took  
An endless amount of stock;  
And he couldn't get them repaired unless  
He took them down to the dock.  
He was far more money set on earth  
Than any man in town;  
And his feet all said it was impossible  
To knock him down.  
People would look at them and say,  
With many laughing peals,  
They never saw anything half so big  
That didn't go on wheels.  
Such large live things of course would have  
A will of their own so strong,  
Whenever they went a notion to go  
They'd go and take a walk along.  
'Tis said, although the man was short,  
That when he laid in bed  
The blankets were not long enough  
To cover his feet and his head.  
And when he started for any place,  
Though manfully he did strive,  
His toads would be there some minutes before  
His body could arrive.  
And when the man would go by rail  
To make a journey afar,  
He'd sit behind the last coach  
With his feet on a platform car.  
His feet took up so much of the streets  
The citizens, fearful of harm,  
Held an indignation meeting at last,  
And advised him to move on a farm.  
A singular thing about it was  
And nevertheless quite true,  
That the man's thoughts developed  
The smaller man that man grew.  
At last that man gave up the ghost,  
And here was the strange streak,  
Although he laid there dead and cold,  
His feet didn't die for a week!  
And while they made his grave quite deep,  
Two yards, or thereabout,  
They saw with dismay that after all  
His shoes at the bottom were out.  
So to the journey green,  
As time on its journey rolls,  
And to save the price of a marble slab  
They chalked his name on the soles.

## Darrel's Reward.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"It's very annoying, to say the least. I am sure I do not see how it could have happened."

Mrs. Pontifex arched her handsome black eyebrows, and laid an arm around the shoulder of her son Darrel, a stylishly dressed, imperious-faced boy of ten years, as if to ward off of his precious, exclusive person, any evil effects that might arise from the persons whose presence Mrs. Pontifex had expressed herself as being so "very annoying."

Darrel looked contemptuously at the two intruders into the sacred precincts of the inclosed grounds at Mildred Lawn.

"Mamma, I am sure they are thieves. They are gypsies, aren't they, and gypsies are always thieves."

Mrs. Pontifex straightened her elegant, portly figure, haughtily.

"We don't want anything of you. Leave the grounds at once."

The elder of the two, a tall, gaunt girl of Darrel's age, dropped a courtesy.

"We have come far, and have no money or food. Let me play, and Giulia will dance, and we will get a penny to buy bread."

"I tell you to leave the grounds at once, unless you wish to be put out. Darrel, my darling, do not go near them. They are not fit to be near decent people."

The smaller girl suddenly stopped in her dance, her great, solemn eyes, looking out from her dirty face straight into Darrel Pontifex's aristocratic countenance.

"Please—a penny—only a—"

Her low, timid voice was drowned by the gruff tones of the gardener, who had heard the twanging guitar from his greenhouses.

"Clear out of this, you pair of nuisances! Out with you, 'less you want the dogs on you! Master Darrel Pontifex!"

But the boy's high tenor voice effectually overrid the man's.

"Mamma! didn't I tell you they were thieves? See there—see what she's got—my silver buckle! I saw her watching a chance to grab it!"

The gardener caught little Giulia's slender arm.

"Come, now, drop it! don't let me catch you here again, either!"

And, kind-hearted at bottom, Jinnison would have let them go, but Mrs. Pontifex angrily refused.

"The idea of the little wretches daring to steal under our very eyes! Darrel, go to the office and tell your papa to bring a policeman here at once and arrest them. It will be a mercy to lock them up."

Giulia's dark face blanched with fear and rage.

"I don't steal! I know it on the grass till I tread on it! I don't steal anything!"

Mrs. Pontifex sneered insolently, and Darrel stopped to laugh maliciously before he sped off to the "office."

"Giulia never steals, lady; don't look us up—see, you have your silver—will we go and never come again."

The elder girl took the smaller one's hand protectingly, and slung her battered guitar over her shoulder.

"Jinnison, they are not to go. I shall have them arrested as vagrants and thieves."

And five minutes later a strong, blue-coated policeman detailed for special duty at the magnificent country seat of Jeffrey Pontifex, was dragging the children rudely along. One, the elder, with compressed lips and flashing eyes, the other, little Giulia, crying and resisting with every titillate of her little bare feet on the dusty road.

And Mrs. Pontifex and Darrel, in his elegant costume of navy-blue velvet and solid pearl buttons, watched them away without a misgiving.

"Will I do, think you, Antonia?"

A more bewitchingly piquant face was never lifted for commendation than was raised to the dark eyes of Antonia Vincenza—a face over which the radiant smile dimpled in rapid, happy succession; a face full of light and shadow, from the magnificent eyes, black as polished ebony, with heavy, curling lashes, and brows that were an exquisitely arch. His hair's pretty white.

Antonia looked frankly down in the girl's radiant face.

"My darling, you are, as usual, past criticism. It seems to me every new costume you wear is more brilliantly becoming than the last, but to night, Giulia, you are positively glorious."

A little, low laugh came rippling from the girl's scarlet lips.

"You are almost as great a flatterer as Mr. Darrel Pontifex, dear. He swears by me, I believe."

A sudden dark cloud spread over Antonia's face.

"I cannot bear to hear that name, Giulia. The remembrances of it, and all that followed, are as fresh to-day as fifteen years ago. The only mystery to me is how you became acquainted with that man, and why you encourage him as you do. You know he will never marry you, dear."

A frown black as her own eyes, then a burst of sunshiny laughter from Giulia.

"You dear, good sister! Why don't you say I never will marry Mr. Darrel Pontifex? Wait and see—that's all; and now for fresh laurels to-night."

And Antonia watched the radiant face away, and turned with a long, bitter sigh to her book.

A tiny, octagon-shaped morning-room, hung with folds of rare rose-silk, toned down by cobwebs of lace; delicate rose-plush furniture, that had been selected with especial regard to Mrs. Jeffrey Pontifex's brunet complexion; and Mrs. Jeffrey Pontifex herself, in elaborate breakfast-toilet, standing beside the small laid table in the center of the apartment, looking with grieved, half-indignant expression at the handsome, rather dissolute young gentleman lounging in a chair beside the open fire.

"It is simply preposterous, Darrel," she was saying, energetically. "The idea of any one refusing to marry you—and particularly the girl who is nobody but a public singer! Why she may thank her luckiest stars you have so honored her. Refuse you, indeed!"

"Ridiculous or not, she has refused me, and she knows I just worship the very ground we walk on."

Mrs. Pontifex smoothed the soft, lustrous silk of her dress. "Girls often refuse the first time, Darrel. Indeed, I think I refused your poor papًا twice before I finally consented to—"

"Hang it, you don't know Giulia Vincenza, mother, if you think she's that sort. I tell you, she said she wouldn't have me, and she won't. Haven't I asked her, begged her, time and again? and can't I tell whether or not she's flirting?"

It was the remains of the same pleasant voice of fifteen years ago, and Darrel Pontifex was just the looking man at twenty-five that then gave the promise of—excepting the marks of dissipation that late years had indelibly written on his bold, fair, handsome face—so unlike his mother's—so utterly unlike Giulia Vincenza's, the witching Italian songstress who had made him his hopeless captive.

"Very well, then, Darrel, if you think you know more and better than I do. However, if you propose to let this Miss Vincenza give you the mitten—why—I presume you will take it quietly."

He muttered something that Mrs. Pontifex did not hear; then looked in her face with an expression she knew meant even more than his emphatic answer said:

"If you call it taking it 'quietly' to go off somewhere—the Lord only knows where—and never show my face here again—if you call it 'quietly' for me to know my life is blasted, for love of Giulia Vincenza—all right. Assure as the sun shines I will never see you again, a home again, if she refuses me once more."

Mrs. Pontifex shivered with pain and fright. This darling of hers, for whom she lived, on whom all her hopes were centered—Darrel to leave her! Darrel to blight her life, even as this dark-eyed, heartless beauty would blight his!

Her voice quivered when she spoke to him. "She shall make you happy—make me happy. I will go to her, Darrel, and plead our case, shall I? I will tell her how you love her, how other women have tried in vain to win you and your great wealth, how happy we were until she came to disturb us. I'll beg her, on my knees, Darrel, to be merciful to us, and come to us, your wife, Darrel, and my daughter. I will go, before you leave this house. Wait for me until I come back with good news. She'll not refuse me, dear."

And the elegant Pontifex barouche, with its olive lining, its proud crest on the shining panels, its horses stepping so proudly, and tossing their heads until the gold-plated harness gleamed dazzlingly in the morning sunshine, drew up before the door of the Vincenza's residence; and Mrs. Pontifex alighted, and went in, and waited in the elegant little reception-room till Miss Vincenza should appear.

Directly came a rustle of heavy silk drapery; then a faint odor of Jasmine, then the most regally beautiful girl Mrs. Pontifex had ever seen, whose grand dignity of manner made even that lady just like little confused.

"I am Giulia Vincenza, and you wish to see me. You are Mr. Darrel Pontifex's mother, I presume?"

Such a sweet, rich voice it was, and Mrs. Pontifex began her strange errand at once—pleading as only a mother can plead, for what was dearest than life.

The girl listened, gravely; then smiled, carelessly.

"Fifteen years ago, Mrs. Pontifex, when you thrust my sister and myself into jail, knowing we were as innocent as the rude boy who made the complaint, I vowed to have my revenge on you, or him. I think I have it. Do you remember?"

Then, it came to her like a lightning flash, and Mrs. Pontifex knew she had received her reward; and she went away, to tell her son she had failed, and why.

And Darrel kept his word, and Mrs. Pontifex, a white-haired, lone widow, has not seen his face for years and years.

## The Squire's Wooing.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I DECLARE, if there isn't Squire Doane coming up the path," exclaimed Mrs. Cross, as she looked out of the sitting room window, after hearing the clinking of the gate-lock, which always warned them when visitors were coming. "And we aren't slicked up a bit. But he's coming on an errand, likely, and won't be apt to notice if things ain't just as they should be. He hasn't been over to see us in ever so long. He's growing old fast, Ruth, isn't he? His hair's pretty white."

Mrs. Cross sighed softly, as she brushed a chair and straightened the tidy on the lounge-pillow. Years ago, before there was a hint of silver in Squire Doane's hair—when he was simply Stephen Doane, or often "Steve," among the boys and girls—he had held a tender corner in her heart. Everybody said that Mary Cross and Stephen Doane would make a match. But it sometimes happens that what everybody says doesn't come true, and it happened so in this case. She had married first, more to suit her parents, probably, than herself. Then Stephen had married, and for twenty-five years they had lived within sight

of each other. Death had come to her and him. For ten years her husband had been sleeping in the old church-yard on the hill, and for half that time his wife had lain beneath the same green grass and daisies.

"Yes, Squire Doane is growing old," answered Ruth. "He's fifty-five, isn't he? as much as that, I should think. Seems to me you told me once he was five years older than you are."

"Yes, fifty-five or six," answered Mrs. Cross, just as his knock sounded at the door; and Ruth went to let him in.

Mrs. Cross succeeded in getting the very faintest glimpse of herself in the glass while Ruth was at the door. It was a pleasant face that she saw in the old-fashioned mirror, with faint, late roses showing still in her cheeks, and eyes that had never lost their early sunshines. There were silver threads among the brown hair, banded smoothly back from the forehead, and some lines of care upon her brow. But, she was fifty years old, she thought, and a face in which they have left no traces one does not often find together.

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